Gideon's Army Is Here to Stay . . . Page 6

NATIONAL GUARDIAN

the progressive newsweekly

Vol. 1, No. 3 NEW YORK, N. Y., NOV. 1, 1948 10 Cents

The Next Four Years

A FEW hours after this, our third, issue comes into the hands of most of its readers, Gideon's army will know its own strength in America.

And the common people in Europe, Asia, Africa and Latin America, whose hopes for a better life were kindled by the Atlantic Charter, who fought and still fight for what it promised—these millions will know how much they may still look with hope toward the country whose destiny, for better or worse, is so bound up with their own.

We are making no guesses as to the size of the Progressive vote.

We know that the FDR tradition is not dead and that most Americans are still progressive in their hearts.

We know that press and radio have done their utmost to misrepresent and suppress the Progressive program. And we know why.

If the Progressive vote be small, it will show that most of the people have been fooled—or scared—some of the time.

Even if the Party's highest hopes prove justified, many Americans will still have been fooled—some of the time.

They will have been fooled by the "Communist" issue, which is not an issue. Countless millions of dollars have been spent in 1948 to make it look like one.

We heard last week that school kids in New York were ganging up on others who said they were for Wallace—calling them "Communist" and beating them up. These children had been educated to believe Henry Wallace to be a Communist. They had not been educated to know that Henry Wallace four years ago and throughout most of the war held the second highest office in our land.

This kind of thing—like the eggs and tomatoes—was to be expected. For believers in the basic good sense of Americans, there is—considering the violence and indecency of the campaign against Wallace—some reassurance in the fact that matters have got no worse than they are.

•

WHAT is going to happen between now and the next presidential election in 1952?

We know only one thing about that. America has a sound core of people representing the common decencies as Americans have understood them in the past. Now the survival of civilization depends on America, and therefore on how every decent American thinks and acts.

The soldiers of Gideon's army are going to be tested by fire. Every conceivable and inconceivable means will be used to make them run for cover—to say with Cain, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

The German people, submitted to exactly the same propaganda barrage about "Communism" that we are getting now, answered that question with Cain's bloody negative. It is the sourest joke in history that, having indicted the Germans as a nation for their cowardice which led to such frightful results, and having beaten them in war, we are only three years later telling them in effect that they were right all the time.

But they were not right. And since we know the results of such cowardice—and they did not—our sin is far greater and possibly fatal if we make the wrong answer.

The worst **can** happen in America, but need not. We think that all who know what that means in the next four years should do some serious thinking this week.

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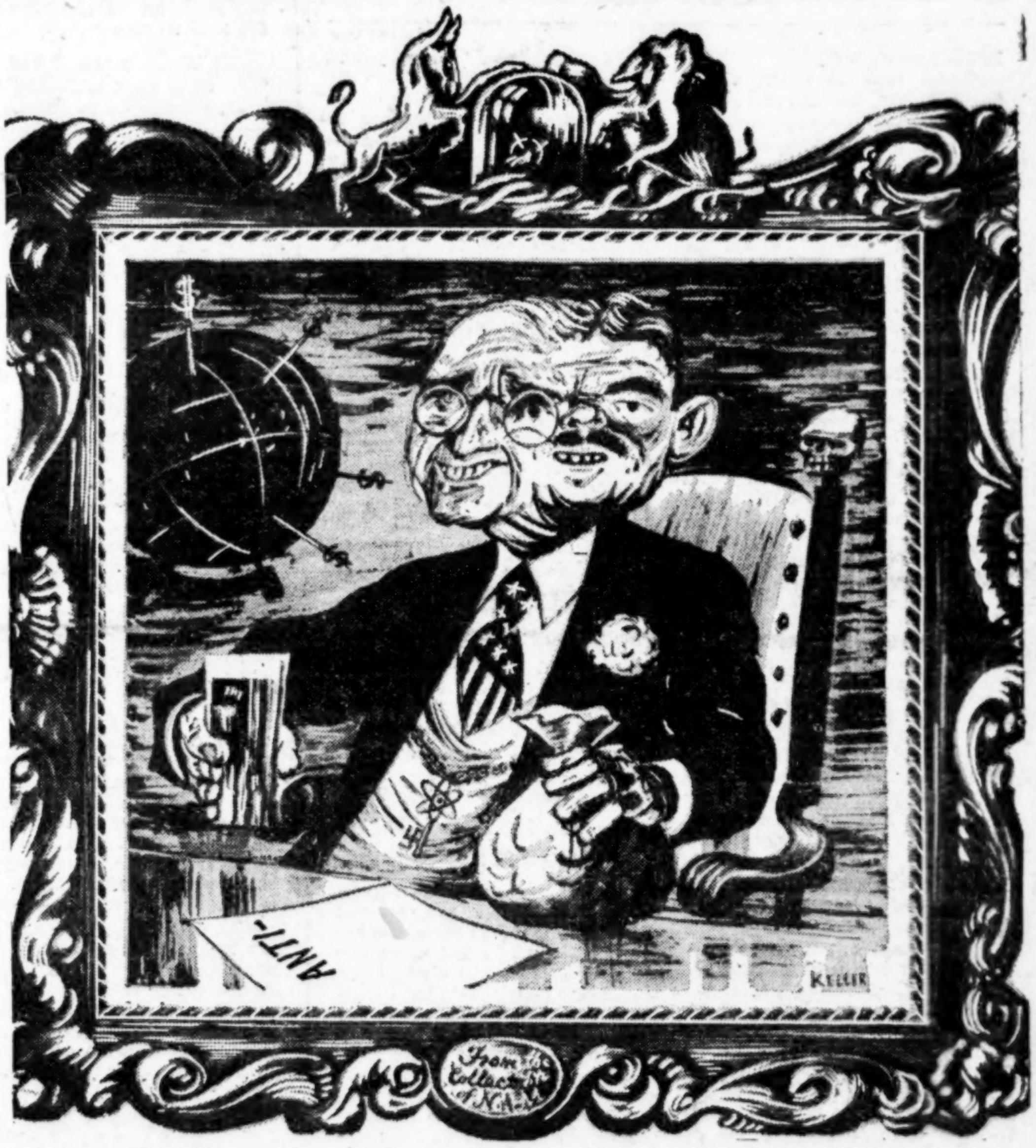
AS LONG as there is freedom of the press in America, NATIONAL GUARDIAN will be in the ring, doing what it can to see that the people aren't fooled all of the time, seeking areas of agreement between people here and everywhere who want peace and a good life, whatever labels knaves and fools may choose to attach to them.

GUARDIAN will draw strength from Gideon's army. Gideon's army will, we hope, draw strength from GUARDIAN, make it grow and grow straight in the fight for truth.



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NATIONAL
GUARDIAN
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Published weekly by Weekly Guardian Associates, Inc. 17 Murray Street, New York 7, N. Y. Telephone WOrth 4-6390. Ten cents on newstands—$4 a year by subscription.

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LETTERS

PARKSTON, S.D.

Please send 13 weeks of the GUARDIAN to the following (names listed).

More power to you boys who are laboring under such terrible difficulties to bring us the truth.

Wm. C. Rempfer

The letter above was on the stationery of The First National Bank of Parkston, South Dakota. Mr. Rempfer is president of the bank.—Ed.

•

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Although I have been enjoying some aspects of **Time's** coverage, I have felt for years the extent of the bias and censorship of their editors. This was made evident by the highlighting recently of one of **Time's** senior editors in the spy hunt in Washington.

I have waited patiently for a publication that would be free from reactionary influences. Maybe GUARDIAN is the publication I have been waiting for.

Lee Elman

•

BRONX, N. Y.

I'm looking forward to the day when N. G. becomes a daily newspaper all over the country.

George Shore

•

DUARTE, CALIF.

Have just received Vol. I, No. 1. Am sure that if the present editorial policy will be maintained the life and growth of NATIONAL GUARDIAN is assured.

Jack Reed

•

BROOKLYN, N.Y.

As a member of the Brotherhood of Carpenters for more than 40 years, I feel I ought to help mold you while you're still young.

You see, liberals and progressives have a notion that to be a friend of labor is synonymous to accepting uncritically every notion of the labor bosses . . . Now you ought to know that as often as not, most of the pronouncements of the labor bosses have never had the benefit of rank-and-file going over. And so I hope that you will watch your step in this regard.

Martin Christiansen

•

HONOLULU, HAWAII

I regret I am a bit tardy in sending in my subscription. I look forward with great enthusiasm to receiving my first copy.

Joseph Capsin

•

NEW YORK, N.Y.

Congratulations on your first issues; they really sparkle. Now if you will broadcast to your readers to join in a pledge to vote to enforce the second section of the 14th Amendment, you will be spreading the challenge of Henry Wallace.

Arthur Dunn

The second section of the Fourteenth Amendment requires that:

"Representatives shall be apportioned among the several States according to their respective numbers . . . But when the right to Vote at any election for the choice of Electors for President and Vice-President of the United States, Representatives in Congress . . . is denied . . . or in any way abridged," then the number of Representatives from the State in the House must be proportionately reduced.—Ed.

Common Sense About Words

You wouldn't be reading GUARDIAN if you didn't know that, next to human beings, words are getting the worst shoving-around of anything under heaven.

They were meant to convey ideas. They're being used to hide ideas or the lack of ideas. GUARDIAN will try to say what it means and mean what it says, neither more nor less. We'll discuss each week some battered word of the day. From readers who catch us with our words slipping, slams are invited.

"LIBERTY"

If Sam has liberty to do whatever he likes, he cuts into the liberty of Joe. That makes "liberty" the most dangerous as well as the most beautiful of words. Just to speak of "liberty" in our kind of world is to speak of restrictions on liberty.

One kind of liberty is for big property owners to make money out of other people's work, free from restrictions by government or trade unions. That's what most politicians and newspapers mean by the word.

Another kind is liberty for people who live on wages to make their life better, free from control by big property owners. That's our kind.

Liberty to starve is useless. No one can eat it.

Liberty for whom? From what? To do what? Only when that's clear does the word make sense.

Fingerprints on the Iron Curtain

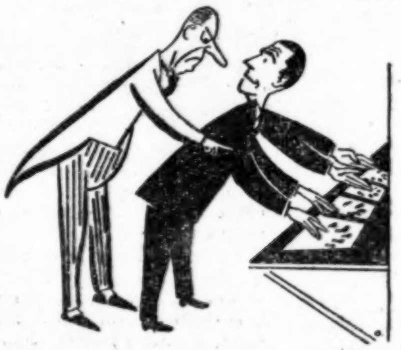
By Stanislav Budin

PRAGUE.

ONE of the items on the agenda of the U. N. General Assembly is freedom of information. The Americans demand that a convention be passed which would secure for journalists freedom of travel and free access to sources of information. According to American affirmations there is no real freedom of the press outside the U.S.A.

This Spring the editors of **Lidové Noviny** decided to send me to the U.S.A. to cover the election campaign. At the beginning of June I approached the U.S. Consulate in Prague, and applied for a visa. After having filled in the usual form, I was received by the Vice-Consul, Mr. Saul. He could not manage to hide his embarrassment and surprise at my application. He said he was not authorized to grant me the visa, but he would send my application to Washington immediately for the decision of the State Department, and I would receive a reply in three weeks' time.

AFTER ten weeks I had got no reply. Then, in a talk with the U.S. Press Attaché here, an official of the Czechoslovak Foreign Ministry stated that if the Czechoslovak authorities used the same methods toward U.S. correspondents, the New York **Herald Tribune** correspondent here, whose accreditation was just expiring, would not get a permit to stay longer.



Suddenly the red tape in Washington broke. I was told that I would get the visa on presenting a valid passport, tickets for the journey there and back, and the promise of the National Bank that they would release the necessary money.

Ten days later, in the middle of September, I went to the Consulate with all these documents. I was subjected to a long questioning, they took—four times!—my fingerprints, and I was told to sign a statement in which I had to declare whether I was "a member of the Communist Party in any country, or whether I had ever been a member of the Communist Party."

Although I had already paid for the visa, my reply to this question made such an impression on the Consul that he again said he could not issue the visa, because he must make more inquiries from Washington.

I had to return my plane-ticket, to order a new one, to return it again, to order a new one, and to return it for the third time. The election campaign which I was supposed to report is in the meantime approaching its end.

THIS is what free access to information in the U.S. looks like. I do not doubt that when my American colleagues get to know it, some of the respectable New York papers will publish a leader in which they will quote Voltaire—they don't agree with what their opponent says, but are ready to defend to the death his right to say it. They will reproach the State Department for treating foreign journalists in such a manner. This will be all. But is it enough?

I think not. It is not this one individual case which is in question, but the whole U.S. policy of refusing to others what they demand as a natural thing for themselves.

They allege we are behind an Iron Curtain—but hundreds of U.S. correspondents have visited this country since May 5, 1945, and I do not know a single case where a visa would have been refused to a real correspondent. There were among them progressive correspondents, but also reactionary correspondents and representatives of various obscure publications.

There was among them also the notorious Mr. Alsop who called Jan Masaryk "a fat playboy." They all received their visa; many were living here at the expense of our State; they were taken in cars wherever they liked, and received far greater food rations than our own citizens.

Whereas there is one Czecloslovak journalist in the U.S. at present, we have here four or five permanent U.S. correspondents, and several others come frequently on visits.

I THINK it is about time to introduce some reciprocity, which is usual between sovereign countries. If a Czechoslovak journalist must be fingerprinted like a potential thief or murderer, our authorities should ask the same from U.S. journalists. If a Czechoslovak journalist is to confess his present or past membership in a political party, we too must ask American journalists to testify by a signature whether they are or ever were members of the Republican or Democratic Party—and according to their reply to decide on the granting of the visa.

And lastly, if there is but one Czechoslovak journalist in the U.S., I suppose it would be enough for us to have here one, or at the most two, American journalists, and the others could pack their luggage.

The gentlemen from the State Department must be told that Czechoslovakia is no Philippines or Santo Domingo, but a sovereign state, which treats other states exactly in the same manner they treat her.

PRAGUE, Oct. 31

Stanislav Budin, editor of the weekly KULTURNI POLITIKA, who was a political refugee in the U.S. during the war and returned here in 1946, is still waiting for permission to visit America to cover the elections.

At last tally he had made 40 fingerprints at the U. S. Consulate.

Cotton Patch Charlie

OTHER day I attended two meetins, both sponsored by the socalled respected "Nigger Church Leaders" (known to us sharecroppers as "Upper Stuggies"). Both was Republican Meetings, as there were no Democrat meetings, this bein a Republican Stronghold.

There were 14 speakers, all on the same Ticket, many for the same office. I been in this world 54 years, and has heard a lot of "spoutin," but this was the first time in my "most miserable life" that I had to sit and listen to 14 men in a row spout praise of himself, of how he have always loved the Cullud Folkes, how he was Nursed by an old Cullud Mammy.

Then the master of ceremonies, Rev. Raymond Majesty (pastor of the Church where the meetin was held) arose and said "Brethern and Sisters, I just noticed an outstandin Christian gentleman in the rear of the buildin in the person of Rev. Whitfield." He then invited me to come to the front and say a few words. I decided that now was the time to show these guys up and have a little Fun, so I began by saying:

"Ladies and Gentlemen, I think the Canidates did a good Job of pattin themselves on the back, just as we all expected. I think I voice your sentiment, when I say that we're fed up on this way of diggin up the corpes of the Great Lincoln, and danglin it before our Eyes, in order tc get a bunch of anti-democratic seat warmers to rule over us. I think it is about time that we begin to Nominate and ellect some Negroes along with the Whites and this cannot be done by continuin to suport Grave Robers as we been doing for 50 years, when we do get a chance to vote. I say lets cast our lot with the Progressive Party and suport such men as Mr. Wallace and Taylor."

Well, sir! a loud burst of aplauds went up, and you could hear the Amens all over the place. One of the Stuggies jumped to his feet and yelled, "Mr. Chairman, the speaker is out of order." But old man Jeff (Rockhead) Jones, jumped to his feet, and yelled "Let him speak on, we's always rong whin we says things that get us somewhere. Now you lie totin Whitemouths shetup." There was another burst of aplauds, and the Canidates and their tools got up and went out the side door.

Then one of the Tools came to the window and said, "Dont let Whitfield mislead you Folks. He'll get youall into trubble." But sister Betty Banks (wife of Ho-Cake Banks) yells back, "We been in trubble all our days. Only gitin we can do is out of trubble."

THE WORLD

ROBERT JEAN LONGUET

De Gaulle Is Slipping -- Even Big Business In France Won't Trust Him Too Far

JEAN STOETZEL, head of France's Gallup Poll, recently announced that General de Gaulle was losing support and influence.

High prices and starvation wages are pushing the working people further left. In the middle class there is concern about the fervor for de Gaulle of notorious ex-collaborationists. The right-wing press points out that de Gaulle has already had his chance as head of the government, and didn't fare too well then. Among conservative business groups, leery of the General's nonconformity and his vague promises of social reform, there is a growing tendency to refuse to contribute funds.

That's what was happening to Hitler in 1932, when a few great monopolists came to his rescue.

"VOICES." The General has said that unless the French people are given a chance to vote him into power, he will take other means to "save France."

He has often compared himself with Joan of Arc, who "heard voices." The French people are wondering whether the voices inspiring his threat of illegal action have an American twang. They recall his long conversations in November, 1947, with John Foster Dulles, "the next U.S. Secretary of State," during which "American conditions" were laid down.

Last summer, Gen. de Benouville was sent to the U.S. to "sell" de Gaulle to those American leaders who have reservations about him. De Benouville had no notable success except possibly with his Pentagon contacts.

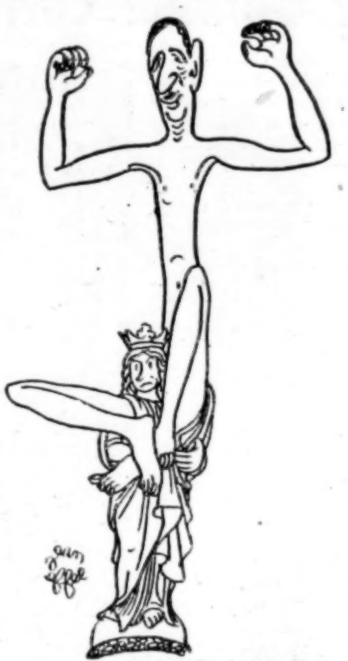
WINSTON'S CROSS. There is little doubt that a "de Gaulle solution" for France is being considered in some Washington quarters—but still with many reservations.

Key men in the U.S. who had to do with de Gaulle during the war cannot forget his stubborn nationalism and the way he dealt with President Roosevelt. They remember Churchill's war-time complaint: "Of all the crosses I've had to bear, the heaviest was the Cross of Lorraine." (De Gaulle's insignia.)

U.S. big business, which has for some time been eyeing Morocco and other French colonies and protectorates, sees de Gaulle's nationalism as a threat to its aims. In Morocco, as a matter of fact, there is an American-sponsored group of dissidents led by Marshal Lyautey's former attache Abdelatif Sbihi. Once a victim of the excesses of French colonial policy, Sbihi is now playing the Americans' game.

NOT IMPORTANT. The General's stand on the question of Germany, which must be kept weak as a matter of vital French interest, is another source of concern in Washington.

The Gaullists insist over and over again to their American friends that this is unimportant. Since de Gaulle is the only bulwark against communism, they say, now is the time to support him. Yet more responsible Americans point out that putting de Gaulle in power means civil war in France.



Canard Enchaine, Paris

De Gaulle's greatest liability is that the French people see him as the door to more violence and more war. At Grenoble, last month, a worker was killed by de Gaulle's special guards. The indignation was wide and loud; last week the Mayor and Municipal Councilors of Grenoble publicly resigned from de Gaulle's party.

France knows what a Hitler and a Petain on its neck feel like. In the light of its recent experience it can detect the smell of Buchenwald and Vichy in deGaulle's famous book, **The Philosophy of Command,** published long before World War II.

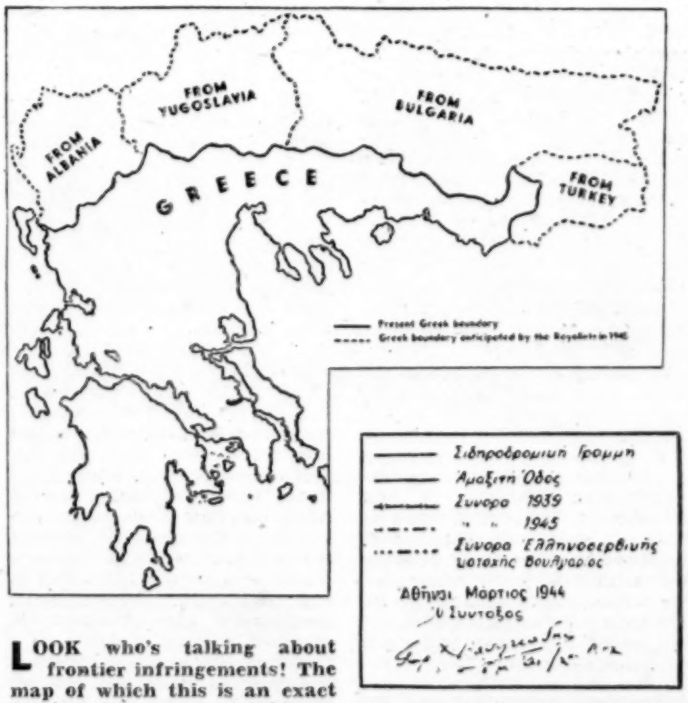
WON'T KEEP. Those who want to play the de Gaulle card have no choice but to deal it very quickly. De Gaulle knows it. This explains his impatience with Americans who still play along with "Third Force" governments, and the speech in which he indicated seizure of power.

It is nothing but blackmail; de Gaulle knows his American friends would find it easier to support him if he were to arrive by "democratic" means. So it's up to them to apply the necessary pressure on the government to go ahead with new elections.

To calm the fears of bearish Washington statesmen, the General's American friends in the Dulles circle smile and say that a money wall could be built around de Gaulle to keep him from straying. Big business, they say reassuringly, will find a way to keep the General's nationalism down.

JEAN LONGUET is an expert on French colonial affairs, former editor-in-chief of "Magreb" and presently "Ce Soir" correspondent in N. Y.

Lebensraum — Greek Style



LOOK who's talking about frontier infringements! The map of which this is an exact tracing was bought in Athens in 1944, by a newspaperman now a correspondent of GUARDIAN. It shows the slices of Albania, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria and Turkey which Greek royalists were then demanding as Greece's "historic, geo-economic and strategic boundaries." It was published in March, 1944 (see legend, above) by a group of wealthy royalists supported by the British. At that time, some months before the Nazis left Greece, the book in which the map appeared insisted that preparations for the new war against the U. S. S. R. be started at once.

"These," says the map legend, "are the territories which both belong to us and will secure to us the means to live in peace and prosperity." The map called for Albania, including a chunk of Yugoslavia, to be brought into a federation with Greece, and for the Dardanelles Straits area to become a "new country" under international control.

Paris and Moscow

JOHN FOSTER DULLES picked up the ball from George Marshall in their geo-political game against the Soviet Union last week. Corridor chatter among U.N. delegates in Paris, who assumed Dewey's election as Moscow "conceded" it, was that Marshall's austere "military approach" had not come off. They felt that Dewey could not possibly do a worse job than Truman; it was conceivable that Dulles might do better than Marshall as Secretary of State.

In a test run before the U.N. on Tuesday, Dulles' words were the same although the manner was more heated. He accused Russia of incitement, violence and coercion to destroy democracy all over the world.

Soviet delegate Vishinsky dismissed the charges as "Bosh . . . fairy tales . . . old stories."

ATLANTIC ALLIANCE. Outside the U. N. Assembly, bipartisan strategy for a spring showdown with the U.S.S.R. moved onward.

The five "Western Union" foreign ministers, trying not to think about their peoples' reluctance, asked the U.S. and Canada (whose AFL convention had just repudiated the Marshall Plan) to form a North Atlantic military alliance.

Uncle Sam was to foot the bill to the tune of at least $2,000,000,000. Congress will get the proposal within three months.

STALIN SPEAKS. Gen. Clay got 40 more C-54's for the Berlin airlift as Vishinsky cast the expected veto in the Security Council. The western powers had turned down Vishinsky's offer to remove the Berlin blockade gradually while agreement was reached on the currency tangle. The vetoed resolution called for lifting the blockade first.

Soviet Prime Minister Stalin, in one of his rare public statements on Thursday, said that an agreement hurting nobody's prestige had been reached in Moscow on August 30, whereby blockade and currency would be untangled simultaneously. He said the western powers had backed out of it because they are pursuing a policy of "unleashing a new war."

Western spokesmen, calling Stalin's statement "factually untrue," decided to keep the Berlin dispute up in the air for the time being.

The Mood Is Black

3,000,000 WORDS. Calculating their word output during the month in Paris at 3,000,000, their man-hours at 24,000, and their accomplishment at zero, U.N. delegates looked moodily into the future.

Moscow was too busy for moodiness. It announced a 15-year program of reforestation to reclaim 300,000,000 acres of steppe and waste land (see BETTER LIVING, p. 11); reported that since 1945 1,019,000 new homes—2,000 more than the Nazis destroyed—had been built in the war-ravaged Russian Republic alone.

Other "oriental maneuvers" by Moscow: Her delegates at U.N. asked world abolition of capital punishment and of "death by starvation or exhaustion." They continued to press for a one-third cut in armaments. They sent more troops home from North Korea and outlined a plan for a similar withdrawal from Germany, except for Berlin.

In Berlin, British Military Governor Sir Brian Robertson said the Anglo-Americans were considering withdrawal of troops from Germany "in abstract principle." A U. S. Army spokesman told Berliners next day that U. S. forces "backed by new secret weapons" would remain in Germany, indefinitely.

STORM CLOUDS. In London, top atom scientist P. M. S. Blackett made an "oriental" statement. The Russians, he said, would be fools to accept the U. S. atom control plan which gives them no guarantees from the west. A-bombs, he added, are not a decisive military weapon anyway.

On the economic front of the geo-political campaign, stormclouds were gathering over the western fraternity. The French were seriously concerned over ECA Administrator Paul Hoffman's "re-examination" of German factories to be dismantled for reparations. Both French and British had been pressured into accepting a deal whereby, before more factories are dismantled, a five-man team of U.S. businessmen will decide whether the plants are "critical" in German economy; if so, the team will "suggest their retention."

DEMOCRATS ALL. Hoffman's team, now in Germany, consists of Frederick Geier, president, Cincinnati Milling Ma-

Continued in wide column on next page.

Continued from wide column on preceding page.

chine Co.; George Humphrey, president of M. S. Hanna Co. of Cleveland; Gwilym Price of the Westinghouse Company; John L. McCaffrey, president of International Harvester; and Charles E. Wilson, president of General Motors.

General Motors controls four big German concerns including the Opel auto works which it values at $52,000,000. International Harvester has a large subsidiary in Berlin, valued at $15,000,000 in 1941. Westinghouse is deeply involved in cartel tie-ups with the German AEG-Siemens, largest electrical combine in Europe.

Humphrey, leader of the team, is the coal magnate who helped start the present U. S. inflation wave by admittedly unjustified price rises on top of coal-miners' wage rises.

Late reports from Germany showed an even more alarming inflation spiral under way there than here. Last week in Stuttgart, U. S. Zone, 40,000 workers demonstrated against high prices. In an ensuing riot, luxury-goods shop windows were smashed. The streets were cleared by U. S. Army tanks after five hours of rioting in which five Americans and at least 12 Germans were injured.

Coal With Bayonets

GUNS FOR RECOVERY. As Paul Hoffman returned from Europe last week, he exuded confidence.

"Recovery is on the way!" he said. When a reporter asked him about the four-weeks-old French coal strike, he tersely attributed it to Communists. "I am hoping," he added, "that this is perhaps their last stand."

Less optimistic, the French government was bringing into the mine areas guns, tanks, and troops from its North African outposts. Two miners were dead, scores injured. Ships with ECA coal from the U. S. were piling up at French docks; dockers refused to unload them while the strike continued. The French government was making the usual charges of Cominform inspiration.

Earlier in the strike, French bishops and even the official paper of Prime Minister Queuille's party had disagreed with the "Red" interpretation. The non-Communist newspaper **Combat,** commenting on Queuille's charge that the strike was insurrectionary, had asked if it wouldn't be more to the point to consider the insurrectionary price of butter.

THE CRUX. England's Labor government announced a four-year plan promising industrial recovery by 1953 but no rise in the people's living standard. And it presented to Parliament, through a crowned and robed King George, its bill to nationalize the steel industry—the crux of any real change to socialism. Providing no reduction in income for steel plant owners, the bill nevertheless faced a bitter fight from the Tories.

PEACE AND POLICE. In Italy, Prime Minister de Gasperi was assuring everyone who would listen that the recent visits of Marshall and Hoffman had no object but "consolidation of peace." The Italian Communist Party was making a nuisance of itself, protesting against the 45,000 increase in the police force in six months at an expense of $40,000,000, and warning that such a policy might end in insurrection.

The Spanish front was quiet; the trial balloon of friendship with Franco having been greeted with catcalls everywhere, Washington was keeping a poker face.

For Heroism: Death

DEATH IN GREECE. Gen. Marshall's visit to Athens was beginning to show results. The Greek general whose troops were beaten back by the Markos guerrillas in the Vitsi mountains was replaced. The whole country was put under martial law. And Manolis Glezos was sentenced to death.

Glezos was the man who tore down the swastika from the Acropolis a few days after the Germans occupied Athens in 1941. It was the first act of resistance. The Nazis sentenced him to death, but never caught him.

That job has now been done by the royalist government. His crime: printing an "inciting" editorial by N. Zachariades, general secretary of the Communist party, in **Rizospastis** a year ago when it was a legal publication. Glezos was the editor.

Even the extreme right-wing paper **Kathimerini** said Glezos "performed truly heroic deeds and is highly popular among the Greek people." Patriotic Greeks were wondering if the American authorities would allow execution of a sentence the Germans could not carry out.

"MAYBE AFRAID." Back in New York, Gen. (Wild Bill) Donovan talked about the forthcoming Athens trial in the

Continued in wide column on next page.

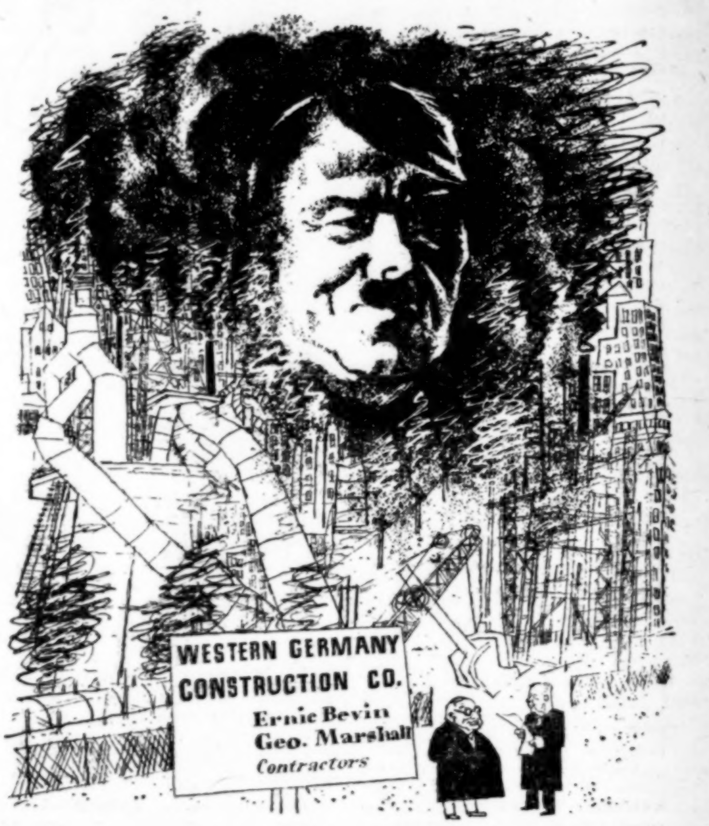
THE WORLD

JAMES STEWART MARTIN

How the American Carpet-Baggers Salvaged Their German Cartel Friends

BEHIND the surface fireworks of the Berlin "blockade" dispute lie far deeper differences between the occupiers of Germany: especially, over the policies followed in east and west zones toward the business cartels that put Hitler in power.

Below, the story of U.S. decartelization in Germany is told by the man who knows most about it: James S. Martin, chief of the Decartelization Branch, U.S. Army, in Germany until July 1947.



WHATEVER happened to our plans for wiping out German cartels? I've heard that question many times because I helped make the plans and was in charge of trying to carry them out.

President Roosevelt was deeply concerned about monopoly. He was convinced that the German web of intercompany agreements known as cartels held the key to peace or war in Europe. "The history of the use of the I. G. Farben trust by the Nazis reads like a detective story," he said.

President Roosevelt was wrong. In a detective story the villain either commits suicide or is hanged. He doesn't become mayor or Minister of Economics. Right now in Germany the military governments of Bizonia, to take just one example, have let the head of he steel trust, Heinrich Dinkelbach, move in as economic chief over the iron and steel industries of both zones. And he isn't lonely.

THEY PICKED HITLER. I. G. Farbenindustrie was the center of over 3,000 cartel networks spreading all over the world. Its books admitted control of assets worth $3,000,000,000. (Standard Oil of New Jersey admits 2.9 billion; DuPont, another of I. G's cartel partners, shows 1.4 billion.) But there were at least 69 industrial combines and six investment banks besides I. G. Farben, which made up the heart of the German cartel system.

This system concentrated complete power over German economic and political life in the hands of fewer than 100 men. They could pick a government and did. They picked Hitler.

Germany between wars never attempted a peacetime economy. Men like Krupp and Thyssen, from 1918, worked to make a self-sufficient industrial system that could produce everything Germany needed for war. Real wages declined in all German industry. Consumer shortages developed and costs of living went up.

THOUGHT THEY MEANT IT. The big powers agreed at Potsdam to make a peaceful Germany and eliminate the dominant cartels. We went to work on I. G. Farben as a test case to pave the way for a law putting all cartels and their banking houses through the wringer.

General Clay ordered me to draft a law immediately for the U.S. Zone, based on the agreement reached with the French and the Russians (the British dissented). But his Economic Adviser, General Draper (now Undersecretary of the Army), kept stalling on technicalities. By December 5, 1946, the Bizonal agreement with Britain was announced. My opposite numbers on cartel matters were recalled to London, Paris and Moscow for explanations. Congress stirred briefly as the Kilgore Committee asked questions. But these died when the 80th Congress assembled in January 1947.

On Lincoln's birthday, February 12, 1947, a cartel emancipation law was issued. About 100 firms in the two zones were required to file reports showing their capitalization and assets. You might just as well have amended the murder law to require killers to file annual reports showing number and types of murders, with stiff fines for failure to file a return.

BANKERS TO THE RESCUE. In May 1947 the War Department sent over 14 "representative American businessmen" to see how the German economy was getting along. Two were from firms previously convicted of Antitrust Law violation growing out of German cartel agreements. Another was Thomas McKittrick, former president of the Bank for International Settlements in Switzerland, who sat around a table with German bankers throughout the war to keep the old arrangement alive. (McKittrick, now vice-president of Chase Bank, has been appointed financial adviser to the ECA in Europe.)

Their first recommendation when they returned to the U.S. was that enforcement of the Decartelization Law should be suspended until after the German economy had been restored along its old lines. The new law, they said, represented "economic principles quite new to the German mind."

For all practical purposes this marked the end of decartelization in Germany. I submitted a memorandum to the Cabinet at Washington: first, U.S. policy should be either reaffirmed or officially modified; second, whatever the new policy was, Military Government should be instructed to carry it out and not simply make it a subject for debate. While the Cabinet did reaffirm American policy in a new directive of July 15, 1947, they politely said nothing and did nothing about stopping internal sabotage from the Economics Division in Military Government.

BACK TO NORMALCY. I resigned at the end of July 1947, on the ground that the decartelization policy had in fact been reversed even though the words remained the same.

The French and the Russians had been suggesting for several months that my function was to make a noise about monopolies and cartels while American business interests carpet-bagged and re-built their Anglo-American - German monopolies in Bizonia. The picture was too true.

Practically the whole professional staff of the Decartelization Branch of Military Government have by now resigned, been fired, or transferred to other jobs. The problem of controlling monopoly practices in Germany has been put back into the status of the Sherman Act in this country between 1890 and 1937 when, even at the height of Teddy Roosevelt's trust-busting campaign, the Antitrust staff never numbered more than 15.

The only difference is that Theodore Roosevelt at least talked about carrying a "big stick," whereas the use of such language to the German financiers and industrialists of the new and growing Fourth Reich is "verboten" by Military Government policy.

THE WORLD

Frederick L. Schuman Reviews 'Stalingrad'

It Cost $1,116,991,463,084...

APPLETON-CENTURY-CROFTS has published a book, translated from the German by Richard and Clara Winston. It costs $3. It contains 357 pages. It is called **Stalingrad**. Its author is Theodor Plievier, an anti-Nazi German.

In form, it is a novel. In fact, it is a record of reality, culled from the accounts of German prisoners in Russia. It has sold over a million copies abroad. It is good that Americans should be able to read it. It is a great book, comparable to the best works of the best novelists of two World Wars—Remarque, Barbusse, Hemingway, Simonov, Hershey, Mailer, and the rest.

What does such a record mean to Americans today? What ought it to mean? This book tells the story of the decisive battle of World War II as seen by the vanquished.

HIDEOUS FRUIT. Between late November, 1942, and early February, 1943, the Nazi "conquerors" of Stalingrad, 330,000 strong, were surrounded, forbidden by Der Fuehrer to surrender, and ground to pieces by the Russians. At the end 91,000 miserable survivors capitulated.

These grim and hideous pages tell the tale of the dead and of the half-dead who yielded. It is a story of frightfulness, suicide, madness, cannibalism, and ghastly death — welcomed as an escape from a life worse than death. The characters are human beings: Gnotke, Vilshofen, Gimpf, Tomas, Urbas, Zabel, von Paulus himself, and a host of others.

At the finale they are no longer human beings. The intolerable agony which makes them worse than beasts is the fruit of militant patriotism, racial fanaticism, blind obedience, political stupidity, strategic idiocy, and the remorseless power of their intended victims.

HORRORS MULTIPLIED. All Americans who read this narrative of anguish and terror will be impressed anew with the indecency of war. Yet these horrors are as nothing compared with those of the atomic war which military and political leaders of America are now planning.

Some Americans, otherwise naive in these matters, may be moved to conclude that war, as a means of "saving civilization" from "Red barbarism," is a certain guarantee of barbarization, decivilization, and dehumanization for all who engage in it. But the voices speaking this message are as bitterly denounced in America as they were in Germany in the 1930's.

Men do not renounce war by virtue of being told that it is monstrous. Nor do even the most poignant and harrowing accounts of its insane frenzy, all carried to a point in Plievier's pages where they turn the stomach and sear the soul, have much effect (probably) in causing men to see that another world war will be fatal to our already sick and schizoid civilization.

DOOMED TO FAIL. Perhaps a different type of calculation will be more persuasive with those who support the bipartisan foreign policy.

The calculation is simply this: Hitler, with all Europe at his disposal, with startling new weapons in his arsenal, and with the most formidable army of all time at his command, hurled 240 divisions against Russia in 1942. The bipartisans are planning, at huge cost, to rearm Europe and to "hold the Rhine" in World War III with 50 divisions.

Hitler lost and, at the end, could hold no line at all. The bipartisans, in the end, will lose and will hold no line at all.

Word War III cannot be won. If civilization is to survive, the negotiated peace urged by Henry Wallace, Glen Taylor and the Progressive Party must be made **before**, not **after**, another Armageddon. There may be no one to negotiate afterwards.

LUNACY. This, above all, is the political moral of **Stalingrad**. Total war in the machine age destroys its instigators. Total war in the atomic age may destroy everybody.

The manner of destruction, even without radioactive poisons, is so horrible as to defy belief. Plievier's artistry has made it credible, and utterly appalling. Total war in our time reduces its perpetrators and surviving participants to savagery.

That most Russians are still sane is a miracle. That many Americans are hell-bent on lunacy is tragically fantastic. **Stalingrad** can be, and ought to be, a mighty contribution to sanity.

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN is Professor of Political Science at Williams College, Williamstown, Mass. Latest of his many books is "Soviet Politics at Home and Abroad."

... to Bring the Supermen of World War II to This

German soldiers after the Nazi debacle at Stalingrad.

Canada Has No Flag

TORONTO

THE latest ism on the continent is Canadianism. Americanism is not exportable, even across 4,000 miles of undefended border, so that local jingoes are working overtime to invent Canadianism. It's an uphill fight, largely because the founding fathers forgot to give Canada a flag. Ever since Confederation in 1867, Canada has been getting along fine with two quasi-official flags, the Union Jack of the British Empire and the Canadian ensign, the red banner of the merchant navy.

Toronto school trustee Mrs. Isobel Ross (no relation to our Betsy) recently set out to inculcate Canadianism in school kids and ran into the flag problem. Mrs. Ross called on the school board to place a "beautiful Union Jack" in every school corridor and require students to salute it eight times a day. Trustee Harold Male leaped up to second the motion.

"Now if we had a red ensign in every classroom . . ." he began.

"Canadian ensign!" yelled another trusteee.

Trustee Harold Orliffe thereupon settled everything satisfactorily by murmuring, "Why not both flags?" So as soon as somebody donates the 1,400 flags, Canadianistic kiddies will be given the privilege of saluting 16 times a day.

Do You HAVE 4 FRIENDS

See Page 11

Continued from wide column on preceding page.

murder of U.S. reporter George Polk.

Asked by a GUARDIAN reporter how come nobody had volunteered any information in response to the $10,000 reward offered by the Overseas Writers Club—since that would be a fortune to a poor Greek—Donovan replied, smiling:

"Maybe the people don't know anything about the murder. Or maybe they are afraid."

"UNHEARD-OF INSOLENCE." The old debate about Balkan aid to the Markos forces in Greece was on again in the U.N. Greek royalists who, before the Nazis were even out of their country, were agitating for slabs of Albania, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria and Turkey (see map, p. 3), protested angrily against alleged frontier violations by three of those countries.

Yugoslav delegate Ales Bebler struck back with a directory of U.S. corporations now seeking to "take over" Greek raw materials and industry under the pretense of defending democracy. He described the Athens government's telegrams, requesting return of Greek children who fled from "death and monarcho-fascists," as "unheard-of-insolence."

ISRAEL STANDS. In the Middle East, the troops of Israel stood pat on the positions won from the Egyptians in the Negev, the south Palestine desert, unmoved by a British proposal to call U. N. sanctions.

A last-minute American switch ordered by President Truman put off action on the British resolution until after the election.

The British were in a difficult spot. Paris heard the R.A.F. was ferrying arms and ammunition, including artillery shells, to Transjordan's Arab Legion in violation of the U.N. arms embargo.

The Korea Revolt

"NO SCARE STORIES." From Korea it was reported that South Korean (U. S. Zone) troops had recaptured Yosu and Sunchon, where hundreds of police had been killed in a sudden revolt.

Brig. Gen. Thomas W. Herren, U. S. chief of staff, told American reporters: "We don't want any correspondents going down there writing scare stories." Finally reaching the rebellion scene, reporters found executed rebels strewn about the roadside, saw policemen in Japanese helmets kicking and clubbing men whom they were questioning. Five hundred women stood nearby, awaiting the outcome of the interrogation. "Only the women's eyes betrayed their anxiety."

The revolt was linked by Korean officials to Choi Neung Jin, the only candidate who opposed President Syngman Rhee in the recent elections. Choi, former Korean detective chief, calls himself a Rightist. Say Korean officials: "There is no doubt he is a Communist."

The rebels had melted into the hills, leaving Rhee's U. S.-sponsored government to wonder when revolt would again flare up against the hated Japanese-collaborating police.

Chiang: 'Too Tired'

VACATION NEEDED. As a matter of military fact, China's Chiang Kai-shek was already a dead duck last week. (See **Max Werner**, p. 9). His bipartisan friends in Washington showed their despair by appointing William Bullitt, most discredited of all anti-Soviet zealots, as special adviser to the Congressional watchdog committee on China.

In Nanking, one legislator dared the unspeakable. He said publicly: "President Chiang is too tired. He should take a year's vacation in the United States."

Other legislators were talking about forming a new government without Chiang.

In Malaya, thousands of union leaders were in jail, while native police who worked for the Japanese during the occupation "civilized" workers who had the boldness to ask for higher wages in the British-owned tin mines and rubber plantations.

Malcolm MacDonald, British Commissioner-General in Southeast Asia, told reporters in London it would take "some months" to suppress the "terrorists." Spending to raise living standards would have to slow down, he said.

But the Nizam of Hyderabad, who yielded his state to the Indian army, will not be deprived of his uncounted gems, his fleet of limousines, his many wives and palaces. The Nizam, reports indicated, is resigned to the role of plush stooge; India's government is willing to keep him as a pet.

Campaign Roundup

MORE votes switched columns in the wind-up week than in any single month of the campaign. Late estimates of the "undecided" vote went as high as 56%. The candidates took turns at Madison Sq. Garden, spoke at every New York City street corner that could draw a crowd. President and Governor stumped the big city in a whirlwind. Wallace addressed 34 meetings in three days, scarcely eating a meal without making a speech.

Harry Truman was placed at a disadvantage by a State Department apparently bent on scuttling him. On Wednesday, six days before elections, the American UN delegation supported a British move for sanctions against invaded Israel. Speaking at Madison Sq. Garden in New York on Thursday the President sidestepped the development, declaring: "I will not play politics with it." Then he cabled Paris to ask Secretary of State Marshall and Dewey's man, John Foster Dulles, to hold off the sanctions talk until Nov. 2.

The President in the last days of his campaign tried so desperately to sound like Wallace that William Gailmor, commentator, was moved to remark: "If Harry Truman means everything he says, he'll be voting for Wallace on Tuesday."

But Truman also chose to sing Dewey's song.

Wallace characterized Truman's flexibility this way: "Truman means well. I know that. I've gone in and had talks with him. And he's never failed to agree with me. I don't think he's ever failed to agree with anybody else that's gone in."

Republicans found room for criticism in the Harrycrat investigation of Federal employees. Senator Bricker of Ohio, speaking in Kalamazoo, Mich., said that he "would fire government officials of questionable loyalty today and ask questions tomorrow."

Old party adherents apathetically expected the country to look no different on Wednesday.

A Fourth Party?

PROGRESSIVES VICTORIOUS. The Progressive Party went into election week with a major victory under its belt. It had won a place on the ballot in 45 states. Only Illinois, Nebraska and Oklahoma voters will be deprived of the right to vote Progressive. A year ago the N. Y. **Herald Tribune** termed it a miracle if a third party got on the ballot in 36 states. Chicago's Cook County residents will be able to vote for local Progressive candidates. On the other hand Georgians will be able to vote the national but not the local ticket. In ruling Progressive candidates for state office off the ballot Georgia jurists said lightly that it would cause the Party no serious injury because the state law permits write-in votes.

Progressives count other victories. They say they have slowed the cold war abroad, given pause to the assault on civil rights.

The Progressive Party, unlike the two old organizations, had its sights fixed on Wednesday as well as Tuesday. "First battle in a long war" was the way Wallace put it.

FOURTH PARTY? FIFTH? The President was not the only one to pay Wallace grudging admiration by imitating him. Walter Reuther, of the United Automobile Workers, and William Green, president of the AFL, both hitherto vigorous anti-Progressives, were reported to have announced plans for fourth and fifth parties, but all safely after election. Green later denied the report.

"The most significant election in history is in 1948, not 1949," Wallace reminded his imitators.

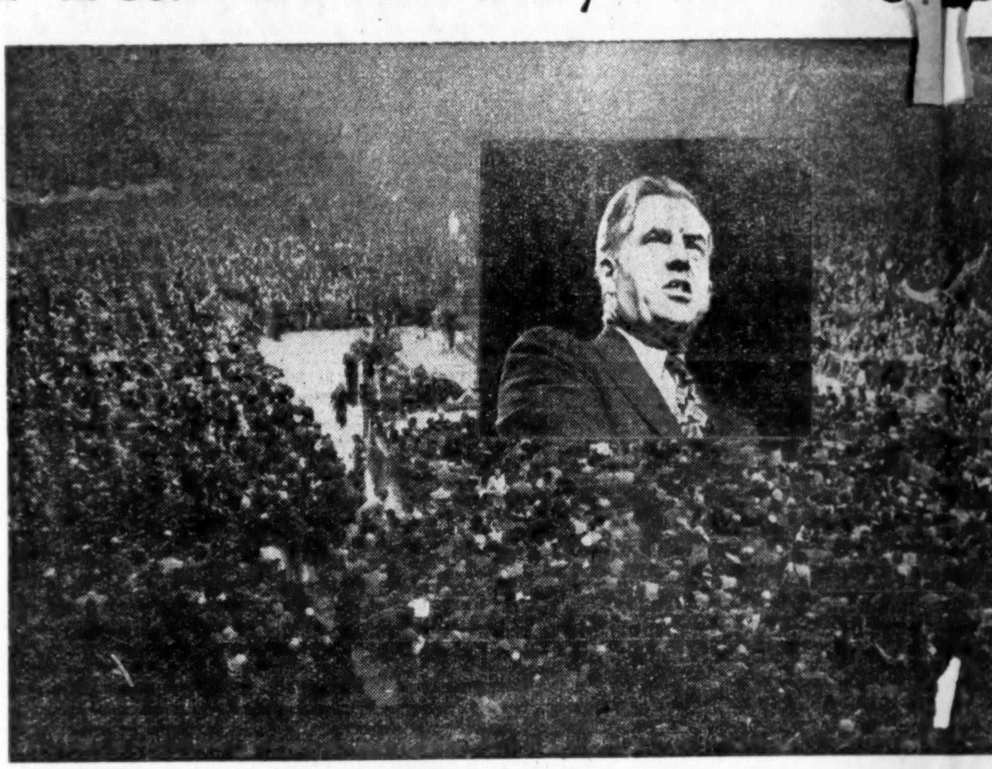
The proposed fourth and fifth parties won the blessing of **U.S. News and World Report**, big business organ never well disposed to the third party. This was its prediction: "Henry Wallace's third party will disappear after election, probably never to be heard of again. Labor leaders who are interested in building a third party before 1952 are not interested in taking over any part of the Wallace organization."

TOM, YIM & HARRY. The President and the Governor continued to be embarrassed by supporters. James A. Farley, who announced his support of Franco and Truman in the same week, further watered Harry's hopes by a lofty forgiveness of presidential weaknesses. Said Farley: "Warmly human errors, not cold calculations of the mind, place the party in jeopardy . . ."

The Governor found warm but singularly ineffective support among the citizens of Chiang Kai-shek's Peiping who do not vote in American elections. A brass band and a

Continued in wide column on next page.

A Year in the Days of Gid



By Dan Gillmor

IN THE year 1250 B.C. an ancient general named Gideon ruthlessly weeded out of his army all but 300 volunteers whose ultimate conviction in the justice of their cause Gideon considered more valuable than 30 times their number.

What Gideon did was this: He gave each of his three hundred men a trumpet and a lamp, enclosed in a pitcher. When his men had surrounded the enemy camp at night they "blew the trumpets, and brake the pitchers, and held the lamps in their left hands, and the trumpets in their right hands to blow withal . . . and all the host ran, and cried and fled."

After that first rout the rest of the Israelites joined in the battle, of course. "Thus," says the Bible, "was Midian subdued before the Children of Israel, so that they lifted up their heads no more. And the country was in quietness forty years in the days of Gideon."

Such is the saga of that army to which Henry Wallace alluded almost a year ago, when he announced that he would run as an independent candidate for the Presidency.

"We have assembled a Gideon's army—small in number, powerful in conviction, ready in action," he told America. "We have said with Gideon, 'Let those who are fearful and trembling depart.' For every fearful one who leaves there will be a thousand to take his place. A just cause is worth a hundred armies."

IN THE past month I have flown over 10,000 miles with Henry Wallace, watching the battle of his modern Gideon's army.

The trumpets have become banjoes, guitars, fiddles, accordions, and the unaccompanied human voice. They were not "blown" all at one time around the camp of the enemy, but at many times, in many places, in many ways. There was the quiet, urgent voice of John Abt, the Progressives' legal adviser, urging the Supreme Court to put the party on the Illinois ballot. There were also a pair of boys from the Kentucky hills, stamping their feet, playing a guitar and a fiddle in a "KKK county" in Georgia and singing:

"Well, it's a rocky road, but it won't be rocky long;
"Gonna vote for Wall-ace!
"He's a-rightin' all the wrong."

In every one of the 48 states of the union, the many-voiced trumpets of the army were blown on a thousand [illegible] in the singingest campaign in years.

As for the lamps of this army, they reached into the shadows. Thousands of people in this land of ours learned for the first time what their country has been doing in the past three years in Germany, in Greece, in Israel, in China. For the first time since reconstruction a former Vice-President of the United States defied the Jim Crow order of the deep south, throwing the bright light of publicity on a national shame.

All over the country in meetings, radio broadcasts, and street meetings the party's program of "Peace, Freedom and Abundance" was brought to the ears of those who would listen. Little newspapers and maga-

It Was the Same Old Merry-Go-Round—O

THE campaign has been alternately grim, dull, joyous, depressing and stirring, and it has also had moments of beguiling idiocy.

Publicists of the Democratic National Committee strained to depict Harry Truman as Superman in a one-shot comic book. The President's youth was drawn with Lincolnesque props but the props collapsed on the mediocre foundations of the President's career. Typical was the frame in which two farmers, their feet on a pot-belly stove, talk about Harry Truman. Says one. "Yep! He's allus readin' and figurin' . . . says his records prove it's best to rotate crops and use up-to-date machinery."

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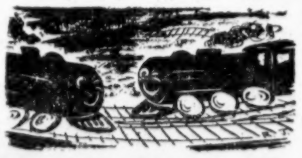
Walter Lippmann recommended that Republicans support certain Democrats, and that if the Democrats should win control of the Senate they might do well to yield it to the Republicans anyway and let them organize it.



It takes a couple of good union men to see through the campaign sham battle the Republocrats put on for the public benefit. As the Truman and Dewey campaign specials passed each other at Swanton, Ohio, the engineers of the trains winked headlights at each other.

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Senator Kenneth McKellar of Tennessee, who foams at the mouth when you say "TVA," split with his boss, Ed Crump of Memphis, who supported Dixiecrat Thurmond. Said the Senator: "I see Mr. Crump's viewpoint—he has much to sustain him . . . For reasons I have already given, because of the many honors the party in the state has bestowed on me, I feel under the circumstances it is my duty to support the regular ticket."

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Asked if Wall Street or the military were exerting any effect on American policy, Charles E. Saltzman, Assistant

ATION

’s Army—and Years to Come

zines with names like "Upsurge," "New World," "Common Sense" and "Appeal to Reason" sprang up like vigorous shoots after the first showers of Spring.

GIDEON'S army's first battles have been won. Facing the almost impossible task of getting the party on the ballot in less than a year, Gideon's lieutenants were able to tell the world that American voters in [illegible] out of 48 states will be able to choose its candidates when they go to the polls tomorrow. But more than that has been won: in almost every state there is now a functioning party organization, ready to go on to 1950 and 1952. Judging by what they have been through, they will go on.

For it was not easy. Four women campaign workers were kidnapped and severely beaten in Georgia. The fifth, a man, narrowly escaped lynching by the KKK mob, and was in a hospital for three days. In Charleston, S.C., Robert New, chairman of the Wallace committee there, was murdered by a crazed fellow-member of the NMU who is said to have called New a "communist and nigger-lover" before he slashed his jugular vein in the union hall. In court later a witness testified on the slayer's behalf that the motive was "anti-communist" sentiments. He got a three-year sentence.

But these were only the most spectacular of thousands of assaults on the Progressives' freedom of speech and assembly. Henry Wallace and Glen Taylor were the targets of rotten eggs and tomatoes, not only in the south but in Pennsylvania and Idaho. The party's candidate for the Senate in Illinois, Curtis D. MacDougall, a professor of journalism at Northwestern University, was stoned in West Frankfort, Illinois, where six weeks earlier a 65-year-old farmer had been roughed up while collecting signatures for ballot petitions.

IN MANY cities the press took care to print the names and addresses of local signers of petitions, then sent reporters to ask the signers whether they had really known what they were signing. In Detroit Harry S. Toy, the Commissioner of Police, wrote Allen Sayler, chairman of the Wallace for President Committee of Michigan, that his activities were "un-American" and that Wallace was an "un-American leader."

"I have no doubt that you object to statements that were made by me," the Commissioner went on, "especially when I said that I felt that all those engaged in un-American activities ought to be either shot, thrown out of the country, or put in jail."

Commissioner Toy writing last March was a little ahead of things, but every other dirty trick in the political bag has been tried. Wallace supporters can often find no meeting hall. In Urbana, Illinois, they had "to move our meeting from a stuffy hall to a lovely park pavilion," as University of Illinois Professor A. H. Lybyer, the meeting's chairman, good-naturedly put it. When the professor got up to speak, however, his words were drowned out by the blaring of auto horns.

Dr. George Parker, teacher of Bible and philosophy at the Methodist Evansville College in Indiana, was dismissed two days after he presided at a rally at which Wallace spoke. Said the college's president: "Owing to Mr. Parker's political activities, both on and off the campus, his usefulness (is) at an end. . . . The college fully subscribes to the principle of academic freedom, but. . . ."

Much the same thing happened to a long list of college professors, teachers, ministers, and to an unknown number of workers in industry.

IN HOUSTON, another anti-communist member of the NMU was allowed to approach Henry Wallace within 20 feet, and then to throw with painstaking deliberation the half-dozen eggs in his pockets at the former Vice-President. Only then did police take him by the arm, remove him from the hall and let him go. He decided to re-enter the auditorium. Police re-admitted him after the captain had admonished him gently to "behave yourself, now." In Youngstown, a man who frankly admitted he was a plainclothes detective stood just behind the curtain, carefully copying down the names of contributors as they were announced.

Such has been the atmosphere of this campaign that after Mr. Wallace had addressed the famous San Francisco Commonwealth Club, a dignified elderly member replied to my question, Do you ever have Communist speakers? with: "No, that man Wallace is the first one." In Benson, Minnesota, former Minnesota governor Elmer Benson, told me that many of Benson's friends now regard him as "an out-and-out Communist."

HENRY WALLACE tells of a lady at whose home he stayed overnight in El Paso last month, because he will not stay in a hotel which practices segregation of the races. The lady was a Jewish refugee from Germany. They talked of the recent anti-communist demonstration which took place in the Western zone of Berlin.

"Just the way it was in the days of Hitler," she told the candidate. Then she told him that it had started her thinking about where she could go next if she had to flee from the United States. There was nowhere to go, she said, so she had decided to stay here and fight it out along with her house guest.

I have met many members of Gideon's army like her, from Brother C. T. Pratt of the Church of God in Dalton, Georgia, to Mildred Stoltz of the Farmers Union in Great Falls, Montana. With their lamps in one hand, their trumpets in the other, and deep conviction in their hearts, they have one place to go, and they have gone there: to the Progressive Party.

DAN GILLMOR has covered Wallace's cross-country campaign tours for "The York Gazette and Daily" and NATIONAL GUARDIAN. He is associate editor of "Survey Graphic" and former editor of "Friday."

HOW GIDEON'S ARMY CAME ABOUT

The story goes that just before Henry Wallace announced his candidacy for the presidency, he talked it over with Dr. Frank Kingdon, then co-chairman of Progressive Citizens of America. Kingdon, who eventually quit PCA over Wallace's candidacy, is quoted as objecting:

"But Henry, you can't go into a thing like this with a Gideon's army!'

Wallace, no slouch himself at citing Scripture, answered thus:

"Why not, Frank? Gideon did; and he lasted for 40 years — ten terms!"

nly Cornier

Secretary of State for Occupied Areas, answered: "Categorically, no!"

●

The Governor arrived at Rochester in the campaign's closing days, smiled winningly at his railroad station audience and said: "I am delighted to be in Syracuse." When somebody nudged the Governor, he said: "Oh, am I asleep?"

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A campaign song closed with this chorus:

"Why Mr. Dewey, Our Mr. Dewey,
"For he's the gent to pull our country through
"This tribulation and head our nation.
"Oh Mr. Dewey, Ewey, Ewey, Ewey, Ooo."

Continued from wide column on preceding page.

10-foot Republican elephant plastered with Dewey's picture led a procession of 1000 marchers from the Flowery Gate of the Forbidden City to the Street of Long Peace. Placards read: "Chu Ni Ping an Tu Wei." "Tu Wei" is, roughly, Dewey. The rest means: "Good luck."

In New York's Chinatown Dewey drew more comfort from a festive Yim-cha in his honor. Yim-cha means noonday tea.

Labor's Week

TWO big strikes—both officially designated as wildcat—held the center of labor news last week: 8,500 New York bus drivers briefly but angrily defied their union leader Michael Quill's order to return to work (for full details see Page 8), and 3,000 rank-and-file New York brewery truck drivers remained on strike through a second full week despite their leaders' efforts to get them back on the job.

Out of all the welter of confusion and division and red scares and Taft-Hartley restrictions one thing was becoming clear: the rank and file were getting restless. Question was: will one-time militant union leaders now turning to the right be able to take their memberships with them?

BEER. New York brewery strikers were going into their third week with ranks still strong; the breweries were beginning to weaken. The Brewers' Board of Trade went into court with a ten million dollar damage suit against the strikers and a plea for an injunction, but two of its member firms yielded to strikers' demands to scrap speedup schedules.

MINES. During the week John L. Lewis with one sweep of his pen damned Harry Truman, put William Green on the spot and struck a blow for international solidarity. Lewis wrote to the AFL chief "as one miner to another" and suggested he use his influence with the President to stop the "shooting of French coal miners who are hungry."

"Truman," the Lewis letter said, "could lead humanity and perhaps do himself a good turn by using some of the vast power in his hands in the control of the Marshall Plan fund by requiring the French government to abandon its police state methods."

In Paris Leon Blum, aging French Socialist, cabled Lewis from his palatial home that the mine strike had been "evilly inspired" by Communists. To which Lewis promptly replied: "You should place food in the shrunken stomachs of the French miners rather than project American bullets into their ill-nourished bodies." The French miners earn from $30 to $40 a month.

Green, who was in Minneapolis, said he was "rather sympathetic" to the proposal but would have to study the matter.

In Green's office in Washington, however, a spokesman denounced the Lewis letter as "purely a political document" and accused Lewis of "playing into the hands of the French Communists."

NEW, OLD JOHN L. Not noted for playing into hands other than those of his United Mineworkers, Lewis started considerable speculation among labor insiders with his letter. They reason (1) that Lewis is again ready to work with all elements in the labor movement, including Communists, as he did in the formative years of the CIO, to bring about a genuinely united American labor movement; and (2) that he is preparing for a major test of strike strength against Injunction Harry or his successor if this becomes necessary at the expiration of present contracts with mine owners.

A Fourth Round?

HAT IN HAND. As prices went up and up the AFL through its Monthly Survey made a hat-in-hand suggestion that a fourth round of wage increases might be in order. It cited figures to show that wages are way behind living cost increases and that labor productivity is 32 per cent higher than in 1939. But new wage boosts, the Survey said, should come about through union-management cooperation to cut costs. Addressing itself to management, the Survey said: Take your workers into your confidence, but "make sure beforehand, of course, that you are dealing with loyal Americans and not with Communists."

NO T-H FOR UE. At about the same time the AFL suggestion was made, District 4 of the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers reported that it won more than $15,000,000 in wage increases this year because it refused to let either employers or "Congressional Taft-Hartley Com-

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mittees" interfere in the affairs of the union or "dictate what its policies shall be."

HOUSE DIVIDED. In New York the right and left-wing split in the big CIO Retail, Wholesale and Department Store Employees Union simmered toward a boil as right wing leaders appealed to Philip Murray, himself, to name a committee to combat eight locals which have withdrawn and set up a separate Distributive Trades Council.

Civil Liberties

TEN persons who had read the Constitution were jailed in Los Angeles last week on charges of contempt, because they refused to answer incriminating questions asked by a Federal Grand Jury investigating communism. Eight were locked up immediately; two women were granted temporary liberty to seek baby-sitters.

Defense attorneys announced that pleas for bail would be taken to the United States Supreme Court. In denying bail, the sentencing judge said: "There is no statute in the United States which makes it a crime to be a member of the Communist Party."

In New York City the law administered the medicine without the verbal jam. Defense motions to dismiss indictments against the twelve Communist Party leaders, accused of conspiracy to advocate the overthrow of the government, were denied by Federal Judge Murray Hulbert. He also denied a defense request for a bill of particulars. The indictments, he said, provided the defendants with sufficient information of the charges against them. Opening of the trial of the twelve was set for this week.

NEATEST TRICK. In Denver five persons were still in jail for refusing to play informer for another Federal Grand Jury investigating communism. It looked as if two of them —Paul Kleinbord and Arthur Bary—might never get out. Their sentence: to stay behind bars until they agree to answer questions.

Two women—Mrs. Jane Rogers, mother of three children, the youngest seven months, and Nancy Wertheimer—were sentenced to four months. The fifth victim, Irving Blau, got six months because he exercised his constitutional right to decline to tell the Grand Jury the whereabouts of his wife.

The technique was taking form. A Scripps-Howard reporter quoted an "expert" for the Un-American Activities Committee: "The trick is to subpoena the Communist, ask him questions he can't answer and then cite him for contempt when he refuses."

But apparently some federal authorities are not quite sure the trick is legal. In Cleveland a Grand Jury released six persons who refused to answer the same questions asked in Denver and Los Angeles.

Hunter Hunted

POLITICS. J. Parnell Thomas, choleric chairman of the House Un-American Activities Committee, was full of bluster at the beginning of the week as he stumped his New Jersey district for re-election. He predicted happily that one of the first pieces of legislation in the new Congress would be a revived Mundt-Nixon bill to outlaw the Communist Party.

By mid-week his bluster turned to anguish: a Federal

Continued in wide column on next page.

THE NATION

Revolt of the Transport Workers— The Rank-and-File is Talking Back

By Elmer Bendiner

Strikers jeering at Quill at rally.

AT 9 o'clock last Tuesday morning busses in all five of New York City's boroughs stopped, discharged their passengers and headed for the barns. President Mike Quill of the Transport Workers' Union, waving a shillelagh, told newsmen: "I have no idea of when the busses will roll again."

For 13 months New York's busmen had waited while negotiations were spun out for a new contract, retroactive pay increases, workable schedules and decent working conditions. Quill's union strategy was to ask for an increased fare. The team-play of Mayor, company and union had won a raise in the city's subway fare last July. The play was called again.

Unlike other strike situations in the city, this one met no vigorous opposition from City Hall. The Mayor said he was "powerless to act."

FOUR HOURS LATER. Tuesday morning was sunny and crisp on the streets of New York. By one o'clock, 8,000 busmen had gathered in front of the Woolworth Building. They cheered Mike Quill but before his speech was well begun, policemen pushed through the crowds, escorting the Mayor. Said the Mayor: "Consider the children coming home from school."

Quill called for a hand vote on a back-to-work motion. Some said Yes; more said No. Quill scanned the crowd. "Okay boys," he shouted, "go back to work," and left the stand abruptly.

The men were stunned. For the first time, the cry of "sell-out" was raised against Mike Quill by his transport union brothers.

"Let go the Mayor's apron strings!" one man shouted and drew the biggest hand.

"STAY OUT." Standing near the sound-truck when Quill left it was Austin Hogan, president of Local 100, denounced by Quill as a Communist. In a showdown little more than a month earlier, the men had overwhelmingly supported Quill against Hogan. Now they turned to Hogan, urged him to talk.

Hogan took the mike and called for a rank-and-file meeting at Transport Hall. At the hall he told the men: "My advice to you is to stay out on strike."

Mayor O'Dwyer, his sympathetic complacency shattered, reversed himself and announced that there was something he could do about the strike: break it. He threatened to use city employees as bus drivers. The companies, too, changed their tune. Quill, the Mayor and the companies joined in calling the rank-and-file strike a "Communist plot."

MIKE'S BOYS. Gathering again on the following day, the men were angry and hurt.

For 14 years genial, blarney-loving, garrulous, militant Mike Quill had held their loyalty. When he joined the chorus and took anti-communism as his union creed, the union went along; when he agreed with the Mayor and the companies on the theory that a fare raise must precede a wage raise, the union went along on that too. Until last Tuesday afternoon New York's transport workers seemed to be as devoted as any other labor union in the country to the notion that a union could be run on anti-communism, not anti-bossism.

When Austin Hogan said: "I will publicly charge Brother Quill with betraying the transit workers of this city," the 1100 men stood up on their chairs, yelled, applauded, blew horns, stamped their feet. Quill sat on the platform, his jauntiness shaken, his face solemn, his lower lip thrust out.

His only answer was that Austin Hogan was a Communist. This time it didn't go down—and that perhaps is the most significant event in labor history of the Truman years.

LEFT STANDING. The men roared their answer in boos and shouts, then in strong talk from the platform.

Joe Smith, a Third Av. busman, said of Quill's sudden conversion to anti-communism: "All of a sudden, Brother Quill is an angel." Then he said in gentler tones with real hurt and wonderment in his voice: "I've followed Mike for 14 years. But what Mike did to me yesterday morning when he left me standing looking at the Woolworth Building — I didn't like that one bit."

Never had a leader fallen so suddenly or so completely.

FIGHT THE COMPANIES. A shop worker said: "All we hear is rights and lefts — and what do we get out of it?"

Another man took up the same note: "It's all right for the union to be in politics — but we come first. I'm not interested in Mike's fight with Austin. I'm interested in our fight. Do we get a contract?"

The sentiment of the transport workers was clearly to continue the strike. The men were embittered by too much negotiation. They had been too exhilarated by the strike call that proved a phony.

If Hogan had wanted to he could have taken over the strike for which every member in that hall was clamoring. Instead, in deliberate tones he told the men: "I would be yellow and a coward if I did not tell you the truth. You are [illegible] against the companies, the Mayor and traitors within our own ranks. The confusion sown by Mike Quill and his back-to-work edicts has broken our strike. My advice to you is to go back to work, make an orderly retreat, regroup our forces to come out again and really strike and win."

"RED INTIMIDATION." In front of the hall Mike Quill's supporters were distributing a leaflet, calling for a secret ballot on the broken strike. It urged workers not "to accept the advice of the Red Wreckers and carry on a useless strike. . . . Your ballot will be secret — and free of left-wing intimidation."

Inside the hall Hogan was struggling to end the strike, made useless by Quill. The men were standing on their chairs, shouting, waving their caps, demanding strike.

In the end Hogan persuaded the bus drivers to accept Quill's secret ballot. They finally gave in — and voted to go back to work. But the ballot was beside the point. The real news was that rank-and-file unionists were wondering out loud last week just where the fashionably anti-Communist labor leaders were taking them.

MIKE QUILL

'Cold Strike' Against the Film Makers

UNION-BUSTING broke out in letters three feet high last week on New York movie screens, with RKO and Loew's theaters using trailers screaming "COMMUNISM" to explain away picket lines outside their box offices.

The picketing union was Screen Office and Professional Employees Guild (SOPEG) of United Office and Professional Workers, CIO, conducting a "cold strike" against all but one of the major movie companies.

The trailers in the theaters smoke-screened a group decision of the companies to refuse to bargain with SOPEG, representing some 3,500 "home office" employees, until the union officers sign Taft-Hartley non-communist affidavits and file financial statements with the NLRB. The SOPEG membership voted 3-1 against submitting to the NLRB or empowering its officers to sign T-H affidavits.

While the NLRB cannot force unions to sign affidavits and use its facilities, the board can and does encourage employers to refuse to bargain with non-complying unions. Usual gain for the employer is a badly divided union and a worsened contract, if any.

WARMING UP. Companies staging the Guild-busting blitz against SOPEG (and warming up to a similar assault on Screen Publicists Guild), include Loew's (MGM), RKO, Columbia, Paramount, Republic, Universal, Warner Bros. and National Screen Service, which makes most of the trailers used in U.S. movie houses.

Sole square-shooter among major movie companies is new Eagle-Lion Films, which last September signed up with SOPEG, is presently negotiating with SPG and raising no Taft-Hartley nonsense, and for its fairness has been roundly excoriated by the big companies as a traitor to its class.

THE NATION

SCOTTSBORO IN TRENTON

'I Swear I Never Killed That Man, Bessie'

By William A. Reuben

"I DIDN'T have much schooling. Lots of big words those lawyers use I can't understand. But you don't have to be educated to tell when something smells bad.'

The speaker is Mrs. Bessie Mitchell, 34, of 129 W. 128th St., New York. She tells what happened to her brother, Collis English, and the five other defendants in the case that threatens to make Trenton as infamous as Scottsboro.

The six are now in the New Jersey state penitentiary. Last August an all-white jury found the men, all Negroes, guilty of the murder of William Horner, 73, second-hand dealer. This was the most sweeping death verdict in the State's history. Their confessions, which police admitted were forced from them, were the only evidence against them.

COME BACK LATER. Mrs. Mitchell first became suspicious at the station house of the First Precinct in Trenton last Feb. 8. She had been summoned from New York by a neighbor of her 70-year-old mother. The woman told Mrs. Mitchell that police were holding her brother, Collis, and her brother-in-law, McKinley Forest. Police not only wouldn't let her see the men, but would not even answer her questions.

Later she was allowed to talk to Forest for a few minutes, while two policemen listened. She asked why he was held.

"I don't know," Forest said. "Police came to the house Friday night and took Collis away and he didn't come back. I came down yesterday with the ignition keys, and a policeman asked me what I was doing here. I told him I wanted to see about Collis English. He asked me if my name was Chauncey. I told him no, it's McKinley Forest. Then the policeman said, 'You come witn me.' He took me in to the captain and the next thing I knew I was being booked."

The mother of Collis English, one of the six defendants now in Trenton's death house, with photo of Collis in Navy uniform.

GO BACK HOME. Mrs. Mitchell then went to see Peyton (Scrappy) Manning and Dr. J. Minor Sullivan. Both Negroes, they had acted as "observers," to see that the defendants had not been intimidated into signing the confessions. The accounts they gave her of what they had seen at the jail conflicted in many details. She pressed Manning to tell her what had really happened. "If I were you, girlie, I'd go back to New York," he warned her. "You're going to get yourself in trouble if you stay around here asking questions."

She didn't get to see her brother until after he and the others had been indicted. The first thing she asked him was: "Did you have anything to do with that crime?"

"I swear before God, Bessie, I never killed that man," English said. "I don't know nothing about it. I never even seen that store."

"How come you told them you killed Mr. Horner, then?"

"If anyone beat you like they did me and the others, you'd a done the same thing."

Bessie Mitchell then went to the office of a prominent Trenton lawyer. He told her that the boys were as good as in the chair, that there was nothing to do but turn the switch. She said that she knew her brother was innocent and pleaded with the lawyer to take his case. Finally, he said he would, if she raised $2500. A week later, witn only $500, she went back.

"Forget it," tne lawyer said this time. "Your brother is guilty."

PROMISES ONLY. From the time the men were arraigned in February until their trial began in June, she spent all her time trying to find help. She went to the FBI, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the Veterans Administration, and several newspapers. She wrote to the Governor. She talked to scores of persons in Trenton, Negroes and rich whites. There were a few scattered promises to help.

"If my brother and them other boys is guilty they should pay for the crime," Bessie Mitchell says. "But why did the Trenton newspapers keep saying it was an attempted robbery when there was more than $1000 on Mr Horner when he was taken to the hospital? They never mentioned that, and lots of other things that happened at the trial. All the papers worried about was how much the trial was costing. And how hard it was on those jury people. And the police, they have everything on their side. Why do they have to lie about how they arrested the men?"

Help Wanted

Defense of the six men now in Trenton's death house needs help. Funds must be raised, petitions signed. Send money, requests for petition forms and other communications to Arthur Brown, New Jersey state secretary of the Civil Rights Congress, 502 High St., Newark, N. J.

Continued from wide column on preceding page.

Grand Jury was after him. The charges: that he had put members of his family on his Congressional payroll, that they had done no work, and that he had pocketed their salaries.

"Political harrassment!" bellowed the Congressman. "Cheap Pendergast politics. . . . A new low in politics. . . . A vicious smear!"

With an eye to his election chances, Thomas insisted that the charges be kept "free of politics." The Grand Jury obliged by postponing his appearance before it until two days after elections. The Department of Justice cooed: "The Grand Jury system in this country is non-political in its tradition and methods. It affords protection to the individual." The Jersey Congressman redoubled his stumping.

WHIPS AND CROSSES. Down South, the Ku Klux Klan was dusting off its hoods and getting out the old mule-whips. Handbills flooded half a dozen towns along a main highway in central Florida, announcing that the Klan would ride the night before elections. In Leesburg, largest of the towns afflicted, city officials called a special council meeting, said they would issue no permit for a cross-burning ceremony, but added that anybody could use the streets.

The few Negroes who appeared at the meeting were assured their right to vote would be protected. "But," they were advised, "you'd better stay off the streets during the KKK parade."

In Charleston, S. C., last week Federal District Judge J. Waties Waring was holding injunction hearings on his recent ruling that Negroes can vote in the State's Democratic primaries. He received a letter, typed in red ink and signed by "Knights of the Ku Klux Klan members," demanding a "favorable decision for the white people."

Peace Through War

"BRING about a condition of world peace at an early date, even at the risk of war." That was the message given to a group of Iowa bankers last week by Marriner S. Eccles, member of the Federal Reserve Board. This was Eccles' argument: Heavy spending on arms, armies, foreign aid programs throw American economy out of kilter. Simplest way to get rid of an army is to have a war. Simplest way to get rid of an atom bomb is to drop it. Then, the war over, American economy can stabilize itself.

He urged Western nations to "formulate their just demands while they have the atomic power and before the Russians have got it too."

SOAP OPERA—NEW STYLE. Not only bankers but advertisers took political stock last week. Convening in New York, members of the American National Advertisers and the American Assn. of Advertising Agencies were solemnly warned against confidence that even a Republican administration will halt "the march of communism." The ad men are embarking on a campaign to sell anti-communism as widely as soap. Gen. Dwight Eisenhower told them: "The truth is sufficient."

Marshall Adams, ANA director, cautioned: "Industry must make the system work by doing what it says in [its] advertising."

Other indications that the Government is stripping for action came from the Navy, which last week officially abandoned the cocked hat, epaulets and sword as regulation equipment. And the Atomic Energy Commission assigned researchers to examine "the nutrition of tapeworms."

Max Werner: *GOP Can't Change Things—Chiang Is Already Licked*

WHILE the Republican Party is preparing to revise U.S. policy in China, inside China the military decision has been already reached. The military situation shows unmistakably a pattern of defeat for Chiang's armies—not local defeats, but the defeat. Active support of Chiang will come too late.

Chiang's military stand reminds one somewhat of the predicament of the German armies in the early winter of 1944-1945, but with the front lines even less stable and the rear even weaker. All of Chiang's front lines are chaotic today.

The Manchuria front is be-ng liquidated. The corridor in orth China, leading from Tientsin to Inner Mongolia, is being caught in a vise and squeezed from the North and from the South. The surrounded single positions in Central China, between Shantung and Shensi provinces, are crumbling. The Nanking-Shanghai area is isolated from North China. The Yangtze line between Hankow and Ichang is threatened, and the Southern and Western provinces offer no safe rear.

MINCE MEAT. In the months to come the balance will shift even more to the disadvantage of the Chiang armies. The anti-Chiang forces are operating by maneuvering mobile field forces, while single nationalist garrisons are clinging hopelessly to single isolated points. The Communist armies have the tremendous advantage of striking on the interior lines, from the land mass in Central China.

Everywhere they are operating in the rear of their adversary. They are waging a combination of crushing blows to the North (Peiping), to the South (Hankow), and to the West (Sian), with Chiang's thin front lines collapsing. With Communist forces only 70 miles from Nanking, even Chiang's capital is endangered.

Since Chiang's armies have no reserves and are dispersed, they cannot prepare any counter blows. Having no replacements they cannot withstand the cumulative effect of defeats. Yet an army which has no ability to recover is irrevocably doomed. Practically, the nationalist armies have no unified command any more.

The Chiang empire is disintegrating. The Nanking administration is losing the real function of a national government. The Chiang regime is localized, and soon the present master of Nanking may sink to the position of a South Chinese war lord.

BEYOND HELP. Under these circumstances regular aid, which is financial support plus material supply, will not be enough for Chiang. In order to be saved Chiang must be restored to power. Holding the fronts is no solution for the nationalist armies since there are no real fronts to be held. And to recover power, Chiang must reconquer China.

But this is a task beyond Chiang's forces and resources, and beyond the possibilities of any U.S. aid with money and weapons. Chiang's military and political defeats cannot be compensated for and unmade by dollars and weapon transports. The Nanking Government will therefore require far-reaching U.S. intervention.

Yet since China is almost 200 times bigger than Greece, U.S. military intervention is beyond real possibility of success.

OTHER PEOPLE'S LIVES

Henry Wallace: *What He's Really Like*

By Fritz Silber

PONTIFICAL syndicate writers have developed their pat formula for writing about Henry Wallace. They merely ignore the development of the man in relation to his times and pour out a prepared mixture. Usually it is two parts hate-words (mystic, visionary, fanatic, communist); one part pathos ("the poor fellow is sincere but he's been captured") and a dash of bitters. Occasionally, in an effort of studied dissembling, one will start with a line like, "No one completely understands the complex character of Henry Wallace. . . . "

When Wallace stood in the glare of lights at Madison Square Garden last Tuesday night and cried out to the cheering crowd, "How Gideon's army has grown!", he was a mystic, if a mystic is one who clings to high human faith. He was visionary, as he had always been about the potentialities of America. He was still fanatically devoted to the cause in which he had enlisted long before. He was, and always had been, a progressive capitalist. And he was fighting the same forces which had jeered and assailed him in the years before communism was an "issue."

NO FACSIMILE. Somebody is always trying to "explain" Wallace, possibly because he has such a wide-ranging personality. While his enemies caricature him as a country-bumpkin, the original is a taller-than-average, comfortably planted figure with graying hair, pleasant features and quick, diffident grin. He is happy in vestless, loose-fitting clothes or farm jumpers, but can deck out handsomely in tails if need be. It has not been easy for him to become the gregarious politician; he'd rather talk genetics or meteorology than politics. He likes to meet people and is far less shy than he used to be.

For a man of 60, Wallace constantly astounds reporters half his age by his zest. It doesn't have to be "explained"; he just likes exercise. He can handle a tennis racquet, boomerang or plow expertly and walks a brisk mile or two when he can.

Out in the soft hills of South Salem, N.Y., he lives on his farm with his wife and son. Another son and daughter live elsewhere and bring the grandchildren to the farm for vacations. Wallace gets up around 5 a.m. and puts in some outdoor work before breakfast. He's not a heavy eater.

When there's time, he supervises the farm work himself—raising new-type chickens that lay bigger and better eggs faster, or crossing new varieties of strawberries, or developing soilless gardening. Evenings he likes to read, sometimes in Spanish which he knows well, or Russian which he's learning. He's not much of a radio listener. Besides world affairs and agriculture, he has boned up on astronomy and meteorology and keeps his own weather charts.

HE READS WELL. This is the same Henry Wallace of whom Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt wrote in 1944: "He has traditional American attitudes on so many things that this fear of him which has been implanted in some people's minds will seem strange to anyone who reads him carefully."

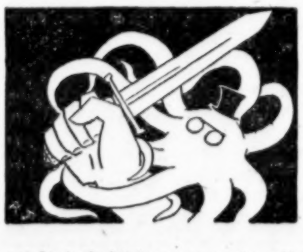
Many have read and followed him carefully. They do not find the story one of complex character or shifting faith. A former Office of War Information employee, for example, recalls that U.S. propaganda directors pounced on every word uttered by Wallace as top-priority wartime ammunition for the Voice of America, because Wallace's speeches represented so well America's ideals and planning for a better postwar world. Today the visions that Wallace expressed then in practical terms are spread around the globe, linked firmly and ironically with his name through the wartime efforts of the U.S. Voice—the same Voice whose political directives today caution script writers to mention Wallace briefly, if at all.

Or the story can be exemplified by the Pennsylvania farmer who unrestrainedly praised Wallace's hybrid corn and then, asked if he wasn't a Republican, replied wonderingly, "Why, sure, but that corn of Henry Wallace's hain't Republican nor Democratic!"

GOOD FRIEND. Or it might be underlined by the greeting that Congressman Leo Isacson received in Palestine from Jerusalem's Chief Rabbi Herzog: "Tell me, Congressmân, how is my good friend Henry Wallace?" For Wallace had won the respect and friendship of the Jewish settlers during his 1947 visit by understandingly talking soil and crop problems and putting his shoulder to the plow.

Or testimony can be taken from a group of people in Minneapolis who gathered to meet Wallace in the home of a professor after a political rally. Some of the skeptics, toying with the "mystic" label, turned the talk to religion. They were deeply impressed by the man's knowledge and practical grasp of Christianity and wished they understood it half so well.

No matter where the Wallace story is taken up, the thread of consistency is found. Under the broad-visioned influence of his father, who was Secretary of Agriculture under Harding, the Iowa boy developed intense interest in farming and farm problems. Under the tutelage of George Washington Carver he established himself as a geneticist and discovered a top-grade hybrid hog corn. As editor of **Wallace's Farmer** he became a progressive agriculture spokesman, and Franklin Roosevelt picked him as Secretary in 1933 because Wallace had ideas for pulling the farmers out of the depression.



IN HOOVER'S WAKE. Well known are the stories of the plowed-up cotton and slaughtered pigs. Too few people now think back to those days to realize how and why Wallace reluctantly drove the programs through. It was a simple proposition, with but one choice: to lift crop prices for the farmers, feed hungry people and clear away the wreckage of Hoover's unplanned "prosperity." Of the little pigs, Wallace wrote later: "Doubtless it is just as inhumane to kill a big hog as a little one, but few people would appreciate that. . . . Nor would they realize that the slaughter of little pigs might make more tolerable the lives of a good many human beings dependent on hog prices . . . "

Throughout the vicissitudes of 1933-40, Wallace pushed his New Deal farm program, tacking and even reversing when necessary, but always eyeing the long-range objectives of expansion and abundance. When Roosevelt and Wallace swept to victory together in the 1940 election, Gerald W. Johnson wrote in the **Baltimore Sun**: "Regardless of the turn of fortune's wheel, Henry A. Wallace is one office-holder who will never be defeated. He may be retired to private life at the next election. . . . That would be defeat in only a technical sense. On the other hand, if he survives in public life, it will certainly be because the ideas he advocates are pretty much in line with what the people are thinking, not by any Machiavellian strategy on his part. . . . "

FDR's PARTNER. The Wallace story forges ahead through the Vice-Presidency with the first stirrings of the Gideon role to come. It might now be forgotten that Roosevelt and Wallace actually set up the "full partnership" concept of the Vice-Presidency which Dewey has promised Warren. Wallace traveled to Latin America, speaking directly to the people, in Spanish, of peace, resources, conservation—and of the enemies of democracy. Later he flew to Siberia and China on a special war mission for Roosevelt and got to know more of the earth's people personally.

Two developments of the 1940-44 war period marked Wallace's emergence as a full-throated popular leader. One was the beginning of his struggle with Jesse Jones and the money interests over the future of America's productive energies; the other was the famous "Century of the Common Man" address. Both illumined him as a man who had quietly and inevitably accepted the part of Gideon for the new war on the Midianites of disunity and corruption.

The first round of the conflict with Jones over the powers of the Board of Economic Warfare ended in a draw when Roosevelt pulled both disputants off the job. The special-interest forces waited their chance, and were rewarded when Roosevelt was forced to dump Wallace from the ticket in 1944 in favor of Truman. Then, when Wallace was named Secretary of Commerce by the still-admiring Roosevelt, they leaped. The camouflage was a thin pretext of removing lending powers from the Commerce Department; the substance was an attempt to throw Wallace out of government forever.

BATTLE ORDER. Early in 1945 Wallace went before a Senate committee, briefly and convincingly proved his qualifications, and then swung over to the offensive. His statement dramatically defined the attainable dream of America and read the battle order for Gideon's army.

"To anyone who has faith in America," he said, "the answer is clear. . . . The American people are resolved that we shall insure that the youth of this nation will never again be called upon to fight in another war. And the American people are equally resolved that when our boys return home from this war, they shall come back to the brightest possible, the freest possible, the finest possible place on the face of this earth—to a place where all persons, regardless of race, color, creed or place of birth, shall live in peace, honor and dignity — free from want — and free from fear. To do otherwise would betray the faith of every soldier, every worker, every businessman, every farmer in this country who is giving his best for America."

All Kinds

NEW YORK dress-designer **Mainbocher** helped the Waves' recruiting drive by equipping them with a "new look" uniform: gently flared 14-inch-clearance skirt, brief mess jacket tapered to the waist, pleated silk blouse, crescent-shaped diadem head-dress and a navy faille cummerbund "keeping the silhouette sleek through the middle."

In Geneva, Switzerland, a Swiss named **Michaud** took the dare of a U.S. rodeo troupe to stay ten seconds on a wild broncho for a 1,000 francs prize. The free-for-all that followed troupe leader **Larry Sunbroch's** refusal to pay up ("He didn't even get on that horse") ended with Sunbroch in jail, $250 damage to cops' uniforms. Mused one cowboy: "When I come back here again it'll be in a yodelling act."

In 1947 an 11-year-old child earned $193,848, spent $175,317 including $68,698 in income tax. Her name—**Margaret O'Brien.**

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In Edinburgh, Scotland, a woman toting a heavy shopping bag showed signs of distress. She gratefully handed it to a man who offered to help. The man ran off with the bag, opened it in an alley. Its contents: a dead dog.

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Electrocuted, at Woodbury, L.I., while hooking up a wire from a power-line to his ancient sedan in which he had lived for two years: **Adolph Zose**, 50. Zose solved the housing problem by paying $5 a month for parking rights, fixing front and back seats into a bed. Though car was stationary since 1946, meticulous Zose had equipped it with 1948 plates.

BETTER LIVING

The East-West Conservation Contest

By Robert Joyce

WHEN a hot bulletin on better living for 200,000,000 people comes to us through information services interested mainly in prosecuting the cold war, strange things happen to the news. Last week the Soviet government announced a 15-year project to save some 300,000,000 acres of good land from drought.

This was news of abundance and of peace. Well-watered land means more grain, more cattle and more lumber.

It is news of peace because, as Fairfield Osborn pointed out in his book **Our Plundered Planet,** "one of the principal causes of the aggressive attitudes of individual nations and of much of the discord among groups of nations is traceable to diminishing productive lands."

NEW DEAL TRIBUTE. The Soviet announcement, incidentally and almost mechanically, took a sideswipe at capitalism. This has set our press off on a defense of the record of capitalism in the conservation field. The arguments advanced, far from defending the Wall St. brand of capitalism, actually are a tribute to the New Deal.

The Russians say: "Capitalism is incapable of preventing the plunderous exploitation of its riches. In the United States there is deterioration of the fertility of the soil. A considerable area is being threatened with becoming a barren wilderness."

To this the N.Y. **Herald Tribune** answers: "The United ates is already far ahead of e Soviet Union in soil convation and reclamation."

That may be true, though complete figures on all Soviet conservation are not available; it is also true that the Soviets have had a revolution, an intervention and a major invasion within the last thirty ears. While we may be ahead f them, we are far from being ahead of our own problem of stopping ruinous erosion and waste.

Quoting H. H. Bennett, chief of the Federal Soil Conservation Service, the **Herald Tribune** continues: "During the last 15 years, we have had no peers in our technological conservation progress or in our actual protective work on the land." In the heat of the cold war and of a bi-partisan anti-New Deal campaign, the fact that the years in question were Roosevelt years has been overlooked. When the conservative press hollers "My old man can lick your old man!" can it be that it means FDR?

NATIONAL BENDER. Under the New Deal, starting in the Dust Bowl period, our real conservation program was started. What was accomplished was not a solution to the problems but a beginning. William Vogt, chief of the conservation section of the Pan-American Union, said at the recent **Herald Tribune** Forum: "We may still be the richest nation on earth, but we're on a bender that is skating us straight toward the poorhouse."

And Osborn explains it in his book: "We are still riding the downward spiral that has carried other nations to eclipse and even to oblivion."

The fact of the matter is that the U.S.A., along with every other densely populated area of the world, needs a great deal more conservation than is being practiced. Until we get on what Vogt calls a "sustained yield basis," where we take from the soil only as much as nature can replace, we will continue to have less fertile soil each year and less and less to take.

DANGER SIGNS. The beginnings made under the New Deal have pointed the way. But, like the rest of the New Deal gains, these too are in danger. The organized livestock interests are working to get the public lands and the forestry reserves for unrestricted grazing, although this use would injure and perhaps destroy them as watersheds.

Instead of conservation laws with teeth, reaction is arguing for voluntary Soil Conservation Districts. On this sort of program, William Vogt reported at the **Herald Tribune** Forum: "I've driven for miles inside of soil conservation districts and had to hunt for evidence that the landowners had ever heard of the Soil Conservation Service . . . Vast areas have been plowed and we're waiting only for a dry year or two to have another Dust Bowl. Why? Because corn and wheat prices have been high and a good many landowners will sell their mother Earth every time for a few thousand dollars."

$ DOLLAR STRETCHER $

PRIVATE STUFF

WHAT'S the difference between a Presto pressure cooker and a Flex-Seal? Answer: one buck. They are exactly the same cooker, made by the same firm, but Montgomery Ward sells Flex-Seal for a dollar less than the Presto. The Flex-Seal is typical of a booming new stratagem, the Private Brand, by which merchants can circumvent state "Fair Trade" laws. Fair Trade laws are neither fair, nor do they further competitive trade. They are a price-fixing gimmick for nationally-advertised products. Big merchandising syndicates and cooperatives stores are using private labels on price-fixed products, in order to sell for less. Private brands are flourishing in household appliances, toiletries and drugs, auto accessories, soaps and cleansers, carpeting and luggage, men's socks and shirts, liquors.

The main outlets selling well-known national products under different labels (or their equivalents), in addition to the big mail order houses, are two large department store syndicates:

Affiliated Retailers. Macy's (NYC), Maison Blanche (New Orleans), Carson Pirie Scott (Chi), R. H. White (Boston), Lit Bros. (Phila.), Kaufmann's (Pittsburgh). Its private brands include **Armaid** (housewares), **Ann Rowe** (dresses), **Arbrite** (household cleansers). Macy's brand of aspirin, for instance, sells 100 tablets for 9 cents, compared to 59c for Bayer's or Squibbs.

Associated Merchandising Corp. Bloomingdales (NYC) Abraham & Straus (Brooklyn), Bullock's (Los Angeles), Joseph Horne (Pittsburgh), Emporium (San Francisco), Stix, Baer & Fuller (St. Louis), Lazarus (Columbus), Higbee's (Cleveland). Women's clothing and toiletries are labelled **Barbara Lee**; household gadgetry, **AMC.**

Savings of 10 to 15 per cent over price-fixed labels are a dollar-stretching feature of the private brand names. The big stores put their reputations behind their own hallmarks, which is as good a consumer guarantee as a built-up brand name, bought by vast advertising outlays.

CHEAPER MEAT

DON'T let the Republocrats take any bows for lower meat prices: the drop is seasonal and comes at the end of the range-feeding season. Hamburger will go up again in the spring. The Republocrat knife job on price controls in '46 still prevails; in fact, ranges, barnyards and cow stalls have been depopulated to ride the high meat prices. Meat will be in shorter supply for the next two years or so until a new generation of livestock can grow. The slaughter of Bossy is also helping to shorten the milk supply.

MPF is a monogram worth remembering in stretching your meat dollar. It stands for Multi-Purpose Food — a high-protein food, fortified with vitamins and minerals, with which you can pad out meat loaves and casseroles. Meals for the Millions, 648 South Broadway, Los Angeles, will mail a four-ounce trial shot of MPF for a quarter: a six-and-a-quarter pound lot goes for $4.

SHORT TAKES. Women's suit sales booming proving the ladies are smart. Wardrobes built on suits are less expensive and last longer than ephemeral dresses . . . A one-buck low pressure insecticide bomb, now available, is just as good as the two-buck high-pressure bug-bombs. It's less explosive but kills 'em just as dead.

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The cause of an independent, progressive newsweekly is yours as well as ours. That's why we're asking you to sign up your friends right now.

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NATIONAL GUARDIAN 17 Murray Street, New York 7, N. Y.

F. 1

JAMES DUGAN'S FANTASY DRAMA: Is THIS the Army?

SCENE: an Army barracks in Texas. TIME: *middle of the night. A beautiful Wac walks through singing "Oh, the Cannoneers Have Nylon Sheers." Whistles start blowing. Enter a Platoon Sergeant — the type Gen. Devers describes as "a benign foster father to everyone from recruits to second lieutenants."*

SERGEANT *(blowing whistle, socking the sleepers on the feet with a roll of comic books)*—On your feet! Hit the deck! Drop your XXXX and grab your socks!

RECRUIT—Oh, sergeant, *you* are using profanity! I have here a copy of the speech Gen. Devers just made before my mother. Point nine says, "neither the recruit nor his instructors will use profanity."

SERGEANT—Oh, I *am* desperately sorry, old chap. Now, would you mind arising from that beautyrest mattress? What is your name?

RECRUIT—Carruthers, sergeant, Clyde Carruthers. I have memorized all nine of General Devers' Orders. Want to hear me recite them? One. "He will be sent to a post as near home as possible." Parenthetically, sergeant, why am I here in Texas, when my home's in Pennsylvania?

SERGEANT—"Men are merriest when they are away from home," says Shakespeare in Henry Five.

CARRUTHERS—That's all very fine — but "his instructors will try to establish a personal relationship with the incoming recruit." That's not Shakespeare—that's Devers.

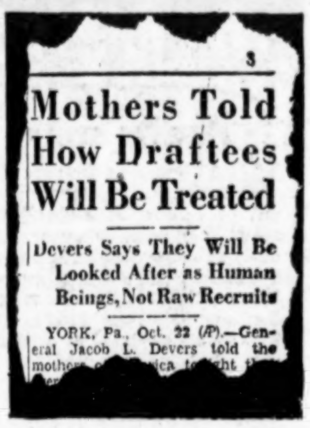
SERGEANT—Well-taken point, that. By the way, Carruthers, now that I know your name, you are down for latrine detail today.

CARRUTHERS—Oh, heck! Why does it have to be me? Gen. Devers has said we will be told the reason for everything that seems new to us.

SERGEANT—Well, you see, Carruthers, human beings give off waste matter. *(Blushing)* You've heard of these intimate things, no doubt, in your biology course at school. Well, soldiers do too. Therefore you will take off on the double, right after breakfast, and start cleaning the latrine.

CARRUTHERS *(drawing on an immense pair of fatigue pants he has been issued by the supply sergeant)*—Sergeant, if I may, I should like to put a question in line with Gen. Devers' directive. And that question is covered by Point No. Five, which states that "uniforms are to be individually fitted."

SERGEANT *(losing patience)*—Well, well, son, I should say you come direct from Hart, Schaffner and Marx. Which one are you, agitator, you Marx? *(Chuckles heartily. The men join in, particularly those who are bucking for Private First Class.)*



3

Mothers Told How Draftees Will Be Treated

Devers Says They Will Be Looked After as Human Beings, Not Raw Recruits

YORK, Pa., Oct. 22 (AP).—General Jacob L. Devers told the

CARRUTHERS *(tears coming to his eyes)*—I say, sergeant, really. I have half a mind to report you to the commanding officer and the chaplain. Gen. Devers says, "The recruit will be interviewed by his company commander and chaplain, each of whom will also write personal letters to his mother."

SERGEANT *(nervously)*—Carruthers, man! Don't be hasty. I may seem blunt, but it's just my way of being a benign foster father to everyone.

CARRUTHERS *(generously)* — I wasn't going to peach on you, sergeant. I'm not the type.

SOLDIERS—I didn't think he would . . . He's not that sort . . . Not Carruthers . . . He's a Groton man.

SERGEANT—Excuse me, Carruthers, but would you mind saying a few words to the men? Give us your thoughts on how to run the army.

CARRUTHERS — Oh, I have *such* ideas. I don't think I'd be popular at all with the non-commissioned officers and our commissioned leadership if I outlined what is really in my mind.

SOLDIERS—Go ahead, boy! Hurrah for Carruthers!

CARRUTHERS—It's in line with Gen. Devers' nine points, of course . . . Now take point four. "No matter how or when the recruit arrives, someone will meet him and he will have a chance to ask questions."

SOLDIERS—Good heavens!
I had to carry my own things all the way from the train!
A major I spoke to was curt with me.
Nobody met my plane.

CARRUTHERS—Point Six is an interesting one, men. Gen. Devers says, "The army will insist that the recruit write home." Now, I want to take a little survey. Any man who has been asked to write home, hold up his hand. Sergeant, shine the flashlight on the ranks.—Just as I thought. Half the men never received this service. *(He looks accusingly at the sergeant.)*

SERGEANT—I will make it up to you on the pass list, I promise. I'll start the monthly furloughs right away, so you can hurry home and see your mothers in person.

CARRUTHERS — Gen. Devers' eighth point is, "The young man gets an advance on his pay immediately." What have you to say to this, sergeant?

SERGEANT—Well, some joe signs the payroll on the wrong line and it XXXXX up everybody—I mean it creates unimaginable confusion for the pay clerk and he isn't able to pay anybody, because everything is on the wrong line, if you see what I——

CARRUTHERS—A pretty story. You'd better tell that to Devers.

SERGEANT *(thinking for a moment that he is in the Old Army)* — Now, XXX XXXX it, you do it next month and the whole XXX XXXX pack of you won't get your pay! I can wait around here until you XXXXXXXX wise up: It ain't no skin off my XXX. Oh, what *have* I said!

SOLDIERS—Sergeant! *(A delicate recruit falls senseless.)* Please, our mothers!

CARRUTHERS *(ominously)* — Sergeant, I still want to know why I'm posted in Texas, when my residence is in Germantown, Pa.?

SERGEANT *(desperately)* — Ain't that too bad about Percy here? He wants his mama, fellas. He wants her to tuck him in every night and wipe the XXXX off his nose. Listen, you agitator, you fruitcake, you pantywaist! You ain't got no home but right here. The army's your XXXXXXX home.

SOLDIERS — Splendid! What superb invective! Clever riposte! Put that Carruthers in his place.

CARRUTHERS *(losing his audience)* — Okay, sergeant. How do I get a transfer out of this chicken XXXX outfit?

SERGEANT—That did it! Using profanity in front of an NCO. You'll get the whole book.

CARRUTHERS—I have another question. What did General Devers mean when he said, "a recruit would be treated as a person of individual dignity and feelings, entitled to courtesy and consideration"?

SERGEANT *(thunderstruck)* — Did the XXX XX X XX say that? Well, I'll be XXX XXXXXX and I'll be XXXXXX! *(Recovers)* Men, you're going to hear a lot of XXXXXXX like that. Don't pay no attention to it and you'll get along fine in the army.

CARRUTHERS—And then Gen. Devers said about the new recruit in the army, "He will like it."

SERGEANT — That general is dead right. You *will* like it. Okay, agitator. Front and center.

CARRUTHERS—Yes, sergeant.

SERGEANT—You will fall out and get over to the latrine on the double. You will report to the orderly room at 1245 hours to see the lieutenant. You will be confined to quarters for a month. You will do a little extra drill with a full pack at night. And listen, Karl Marx, *you will like it!*

CURTAIN

...Even In Mississipp

This is NATIONAL GUARDIAN's third issue, V I, No. 3.

We ventured into publication on Monday, October 1 after a lone preview issue last August. The previe reached its readers with no expensive fanfare — indee it was practically unannounced. It went principally to collection of names on mailing lists of uncertain age an random distribution.

Yet this week, after our first two weekly issues NATIONAL GUARDIAN can boast a paid subscriptio readership of many, many thousands, located in every State in the Union, including Mississippi! In addition we have a sturdy band of subscribers in Canada, a generous sprinkling in Europe and Latin America and even a surprising circulation up around the Arctic Circle, in Alaska.

Newsstand sales in New York City — the only area in which we have thus far obtained citywide distribution — were more than gratifying for our first week: they were slightly phenomenal in a modest way.

Newsstands in other big cities are a more exclusive field for a new, national publication to crash, but we're making the grade.

Meanwhile, NATIONAL GUARDIAN needs your helping hand as salesman as well as subscriber. After you've had your share of chuckles out of **Is This the Army?** on this page, turn back to Page 11 and read how you can join our host of GUARDIAN ANGELS by enlisting new subscribers from among your friends and associates.

Your reward? Well, in addition to a GUARDIAN ANGEL's rakish halo and the proverbial retroactivity of the rewards of Virtue, we are arranging for a selectio of unusual bonus books for you which we'll talk about lat

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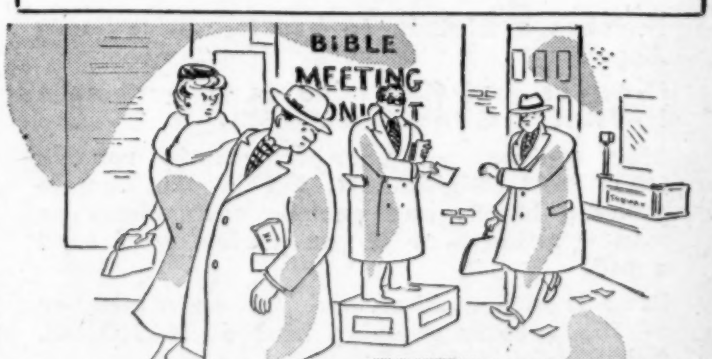

"Stop trying to read those things, Herbert. People will think you're a communist or something." Drawing by Doris Matthews